Sport, Travel & Fiction

The BYSTANDER.

Art Literature & the Drama.

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Photo by *Biograph Studio*

Miss Jessie Bateman

The captivating heroine in *Beauty and the Barge*, which is now enjoying a new lease of life at the Haymarket Theatre

No. 58.—Vol. V.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from his readers, but all such should be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope for return if unsuitable, and although every effort will be made to deal with MSS., photographs, or drawings, promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions. Liberal payment will be made on publication for all accepted matter. Short stories of 1,000 to 3,000 words are acceptable, but in order to save inconvenience and disappointment, the Editor begs leave to state that bright and amusing fiction is preferred. News, and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers, will be immediately considered. All contributions should bear the owner's name and address. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER Office, Tallis Street, E.C.: The Telephone No. is 471 Holborn.

N.B.—We have received a large number of contributions without the necessary stamps enclosed for return. In future, all such will be consigned to the waste-paper basket.

BOOKS RECEIVED

NOVELS.

"The Mask." By William Le Queux. (John Long: 6*s.*)

"Aubrey Ellison." By St. John Lucas. (Brown, Langham: 6*s.*)

"In Spite of the Czar." By Guy Boothby. (John Long: 5*s.*)

"Confessions of a Young Lady." By Richard Marsh (John Long: 6*s.*)

MISCELLANEOUS

"G. F. Watts." (Newnes' Art Library: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Shakespearean Tragedy—Lectures on Hamlet, Othello, King Lear, and Macbeth." By Dr. A. C. Bradley, Professor of Poetry in the University of Oxford. (Macmillan: 10*s.* net.)

"Landscape Gardening." By Samuel Parsons. (Putnams.)

"Poets and Poetry of the XIXth Century." By Alfred H. Miles. New edition. Vol. I., Crabbe to Coleridge; Vol. II., Southey to Shelley; Vol. III., Keats to Lytton. (Routledge: 1*s.* 6*d.* net each.)

"The Enchanted Woods." By Vernon Lee. (John Lane: 3*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Whitaker's Almanac, 1905." Paper cover, 472 pages, 1*s.* net. Also cloth edition, 792 pages, 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

"Whitaker's Peerage, 1905." Cloth, 3*s.* 6*d.* net; leather, 5*s.* net.

"Foods for the Fat." The Dietetic Cure of Obesity. By Dr. Yorke-Davies. (Chatto and Windus: 1*s.*)

Shakespeare's Works. Pocket edition. Each bound in green cloth, with photogravure frontispiece, and introduction by Dr. George Brandes:

"Two Gentlemen of Verona"; "Venus and Adonis"; "Comedy of Errors"; "Midsummer Night's Dream"; "Rape of Lucrece"; "Measure for Measure"; "Henry VIII.," and "Sonnets." (Heinemann: Sixpence net each.)

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NOTICE.—Paris Office, 24, Cité Trevise, where all orders for Continental Subscriptions, Advertisements, and Electros should be addressed.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

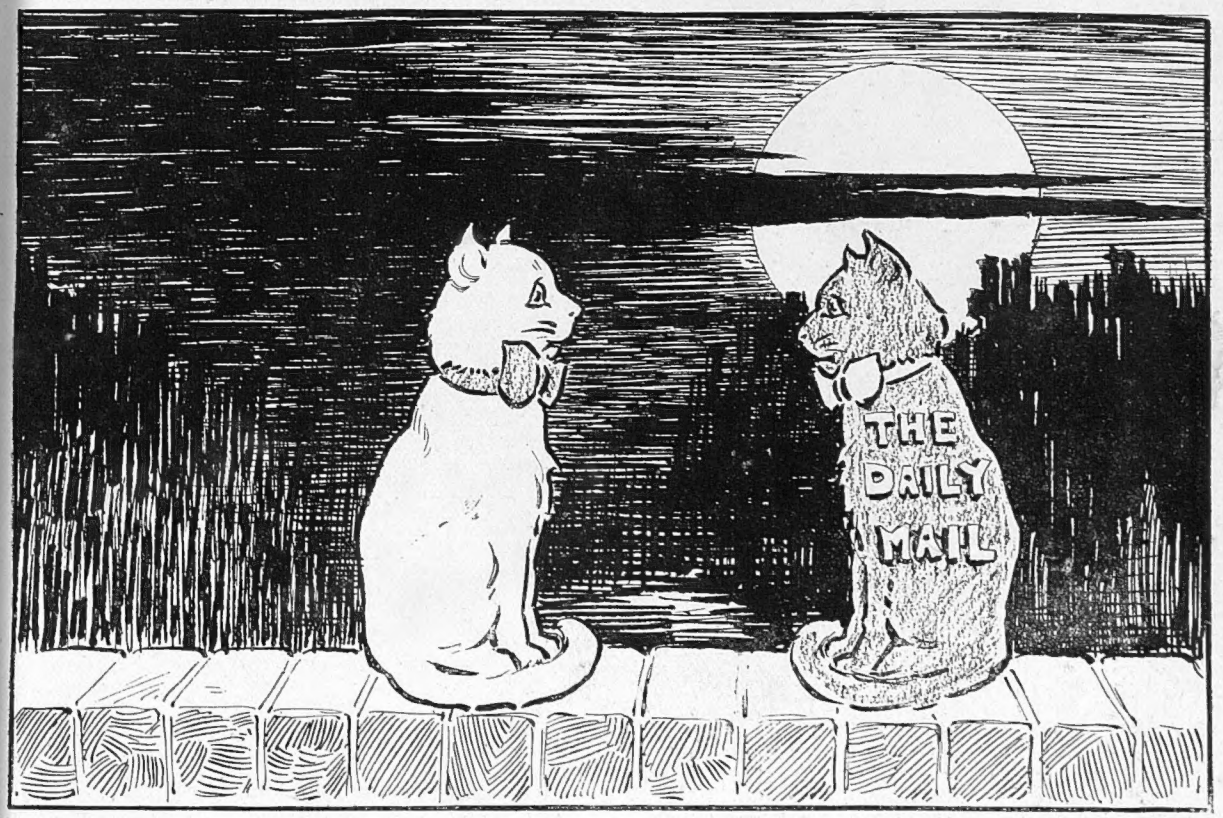
THE WORLD'S PAGEANT.

London: Wednesday, January 11, 1905

So Port Arthur has at last fallen! And its gallant defenders, headed by Stoessel, have been eulogised by the entire world. The victory of Japan over Russia in the first campaign is now almost complete, and, with the reinforcements that Oyama will shortly receive, it is more than probable that Kuropatkin will be compelled to retreat afresh.

* * *

One cannot but condole with Russia. She has gallant sons, and were her Government not so utterly rotten she would not to-day find herself in such desperate straits. The conclusion of her first campaign with Japan does not in any sense prove the superiority of the yellow man over the white—in spite of the bogies about the Yellow Peril—because Japan has learnt all she knows from the white man; but it demonstrates the triumph of a nation, led by discriminating business men who leave nothing humanly possible to chance, over an enemy, whose policy has been notorious for jobbery and unpreparedness. Whether on sea or on land it is clear Japan has carefully calculated and foreseen every possible contingency, with the result that things go without a hitch. Russia, on the contrary, has depended on the fortunes of the



THE WHITE CAT: "OH! YES, THANKS, I'M GOING STRONG. YOU SEE I DON'T DEPEND ENTIRELY ON WHAT THE CHILDREN GIVE ME'

(WITH PROFUSE APOLOGIES TO ALL WHO REQUIRE THEM)

Overheard at Nice during the recent bitter weather

"I say! Do you think I can get any redress from the Mayor, or any of those Johnnies. I came over here to avoid this"

"Come, come, Sir! a fine young fellow like you, might do better than juggle with figures"

(Speaking at Birmingham on the occasion of the visit of the Coldstream Guards, Mr. Chamberlain likened himself to a "glorified recruiting sergeant")

hour. But the jade Fortune is like a fickle miss, who prefers the man who is the more indifferent to her charms to the more ardent wooer.

* * *

There is one very wholesome lesson to us in this war which, it is to be hoped, will strike home. That is preparedness. Sir John Fisher, who is proving the best Director of the Admiralty that august body has ever had the fortune to possess, is already revolutionising the Navy. The War Office, after having discouraged Volunteers, and shown other similar suicidal tendencies, gives evidence of at last awakening to the exigencies of the situation. But it is at the Treasury that the real source of strength lies.

"WE HAVE DONE ALL THAT WAS HUMANLY POSSIBLE"

Granted a full treasury, neither arms nor men are difficult to provide. It is there our national danger lies. Instead of economy and saving, our expenditure has increased within the last few years by forty millions, and is still going up. Taxation is at straining point, and business is bad. There is a weak spot here which it would seem should be inquired closely into.

* * *

The vagaries of the weather are a constant source of surprise. Whilst we in England have been saturated by almost tropical showers, and while the mildness of the weather has made a great coat a useless encumbrance, the Continent and the Riviera have been frost-bound. Algiers has had snow-falls, and skating has taken place at Monte Carlo! The only spot where any regularity of climate may be looked for is at those resorts in the Alps, St. Moritz, Davos, and Grindelwald, and the like. It is said they are having a record season, and with the railway open now to St. Moritz it is not surprising. There is an exhilaration and a delight to be found in these Alpine resorts very difficult to be equalled elsewhere.

* * *

Mr. Beck has now been paid £5,000 by the Government "for his wrongful conviction and imprisonment," a sum which he is understood as having accepted. We sincerely trust that this unpleasant case will now vanish from the arena, and that Mr. Beck will devote his time in future to the investment of the £5,000, and in looking after his "copper mine" in Norway. For, to tell the truth, we have got rather tired of Mr. Beck. The halfpenny papers, in fact, have the misfortune to alienate the very causes they seek to aid by over-statement and exaggeration, in the process of doing which they incidentally prime themselves on their disinterested motives, that one really experiences a prejudice against the cause they may be advocating.

* * *

To take one instance in the Beck case. The aforesaid Press have continually alluded to the egregious Mr. Beck as a martyr. A more unwarrantable misuse of a name would be hard to find. A martyr is one who is persecuted for his convictions. Mr. Beck was certainly not persecuted for his convictions. He was merely the victim of a series of official mistakes, and though he talks glibly about his loss of £45,000 owing to his imprisonment, we suspect that the solatium he has received is very fair compensation. This kind of fatuous gush resulted, the other day, in a piano being presented to Mr. Beck by "some admirers." What on earth is there to admire in a man because he has been wrongly convicted?

* * *

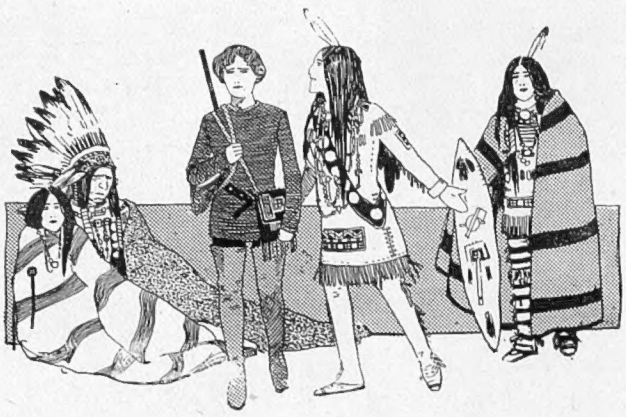
The truth of the matter is, the halfpenny papers are very proud of what they believe is the immense power they wield with the public. *The White Cat* at Drury Lane, for instance, has suffered, it is stated, in the box-offices and libraries by the attack upon it of the *Daily Mail*, and no one is better pleased than the *Daily Mail* itself. The halfpenny Press, in fact, try very hard to constitute themselves the champions of public rights and morals, but they go about it in a very disingenuous manner. There are hundreds of vital problems which require to be attacked. Why do not these papers, who pretend to such power, attack them? Why is it they prefer to turn on small things?

Sir Henry Irving to Mr. Comyns Carr: "Who'd have thought it, Carr, a little while ago, eh?"

AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE

ILLUSTRATED BY NORMAN MORROW

Mr. A. W. Baskcomb
(One of "Peter's Band")



Miss Nina Boucicault *(Peter Pan)* **Miss Miriam Nesbitt** *(Tiger Lily)*

Miss Hilda Trevelyan
(Wendy Darling)

The British drama, laggart as the cynics would have us believe, has to keep pace with the requirements of the modern child. Of late years the child playgoer has become an influence, so it is quite in the order of things to find one of our leading playwrights in the *rôle* of chief caterer for children. Banished are the days when visits to Maskelyne and Cooke's and the Christy Minstrels marked the passage of the dramatic year for children to the never-to-be-forgotten visit to the Christmas pantomime. It is almost terrible to think of the dangers we must have run from the music-hall jokes at the pantomime. Perhaps our simplicity was the saving of us. In those days the red-nosed comedian, in his cups, aroused our shrillest laughter, because he "walked funny and he talked funny." The molly-coddle moralists would have us believe that this laughter betrayed our incipient sympathy for the tortuous path of drink. Whereas, such was our ignorance that we never associated the bottle with the maudlin state and the meanderings of the funny man with the red nose.

Miss Dorothea Baird
(Mrs. Darling)

Although the pantomime sufficed our modest needs, how we would have revelled in a real Christmas play, especially written for us by Mr. J. M. Barrie! But there was no *Peter Pan* in those days, and we never conceived of a boy who made such a determined stand against the practise of growing up. Lucky modern child, for whom *Peter Pan* has been especially created! The stage, employed by the master-hand of Mr. Barrie, is a perfect medium for the telling of a fairy story. The playwright has chosen those very probable improbabilities which are of daily occurrence in the regions of Fairy-lore. The flying scene, especially, provoked a condition of mind among a juvenile audience which can only be described as bordering on pure ecstasy. There were few dull moments in the piece, but whenever events on the stage were less than usually exciting, I cautiously devoted my attention to the demeanour of my right-hand neighbour, a little girl aged about five years. She knelt on the *fauteuil* with an attitude of absorption which bordered on devotion. How close her attention to the play, was gathered by the muttered comments which escaped her. When "Peter Pan" calls the boys of Never, Never, Never Land his "descendants," her excitement at twigging the significance of this word overcame, for a moment, the propriety of her demeanour, and she shrilled out, to the delight of her neighbours, "I know that, it's children." One little touch on the part of the dramatist is sufficient to indicate the skill which Mr. Barrie has brought to bear upon this amazing piece. No one, however wicked, is allowed to suffer the extreme penalty of death. Even the pirates so justly consigned to the deep are suffered to swim ashore, and turn up high and dry in the next scene. The players entered thoroughly into the spirit of the piece. Miss May Martyn, who appeared in the title *rôle* during the temporary indisposition of Miss Nina Boucicault, deserves the greatest credit for the ease and finish which she imparted to a heavy *rôle* taken up at short notice.

Mr. Gerald du Maurier won great favour with the children, although he appeared as a black-hearted Pirate Chief, the mortal enemy to "Peter Pan." There was that subtle element in his acting of the part which appealed to the sense of humour of the grown-ups and to the catholic sympathy of the children. In fact, the Pirate Chief was a villain with his tongue in his cheek.

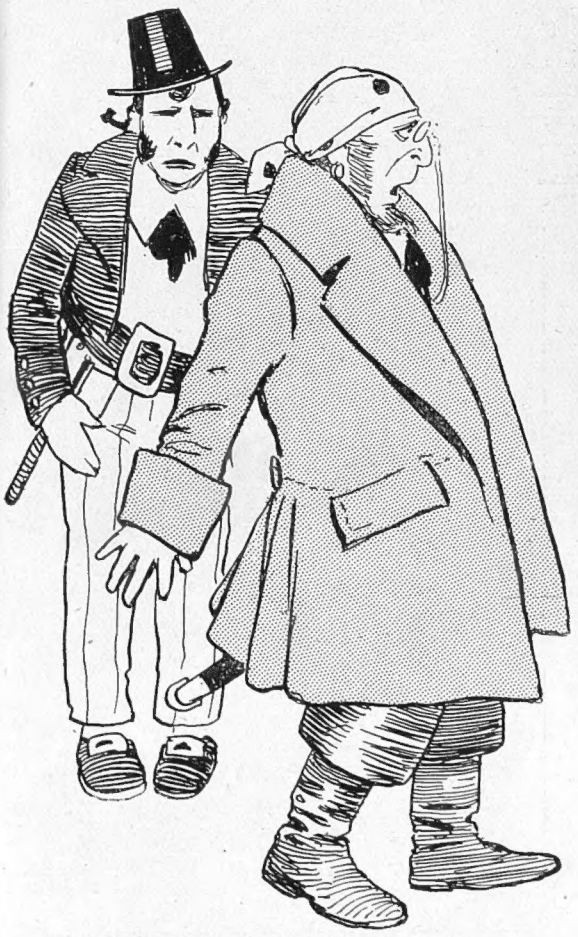
At the New Theatre

The spectacle presented on the first production of *The Scarlet Pimpernel* at the New Theatre was an unutterably sad one. I am not referring at this moment to the piece, but to the audience, which cheered and called and stamped and applauded in a veritable frenzy of indiscriminate and misguided enthusiasm. There are three explanations of this lamentable state of affairs—friends, friends and friends. One admires the loyalty for which is sacrificed the great prerogative of independent and impartial judgment. The play is a patched-up affair, consisting of scenes, incidents, and bits of business which have done duty for many a year. Where the playwrights have relied on these, they are commonplace; where they have trusted to their own imagination, they are frankly funny. It is a play of plot and counter-plot.

An English leader, whose identity is concealed under the sobriquet, the "Scarlet Pimpernel," plotting to bring over unhappy French aristocrats to the safety of English shores—and a French envoy plots to discover the identity of his rival plotter. The duel of wits between the two is the duel so familiar to patrons of melodrama and costume plays. Familiar, too, are their weapons; the hired ruffians of the French envoy, the mask of affected indolence adopted by the Scarlet Pimpernel. The tag-rag and bob-tail of costume plays has been put on duty again. As an offset to this old material there is an attempt at filagree work on the part of the playwright. Two instances will suffice to show the quality of his workmanship. There are, of course, important documents passed round between the conspirators, generally in the most public manner possible. On one occasion a paper changes hands during the evolutions of a minuet!

The last recipient, with curious notions of what constitutes a secret act, applies it to the flame of a candle in the ball-room (the minuet progresses). The heroine, whose mission it is to discover the identity of the Scarlet Pimpernel, pretends to faint, and thanking her cavalier for his resource in burning paper under nostrils as a remedy for her faintness, snatches the document. The play is sprinkled with these childish stage tricks, the most amazing of which occurs in the final scene. The dramatist, making up for the dilatoriness of the first two acts, hurries the piece to its goal at express rates. All the characters, plotters counter-plotters, revolutionists, and aristocrats, indulge in a final romp at an inn on the French shore. The villain is, of course, undone, mainly through the instrumentality of a dose of pepper administered to him by the hero as snuff. One could multiply the manifest absurdities of the piece, which contained but few passages of any power. Such passages were seized upon by Mr. Fred Terry and Miss Julia Neilson in a manner which indicated the genuine success which would be at once achieved by these clever players in a play worthy of their talents.

E. C. S.



Mr. Sydney Harcourt *(Gentleman Starkey)*

Mr. George Shelton *(Smee)*

Mr. Gerald du Maurier *(The Pirate Captain)*

PEOPLE OF INTEREST

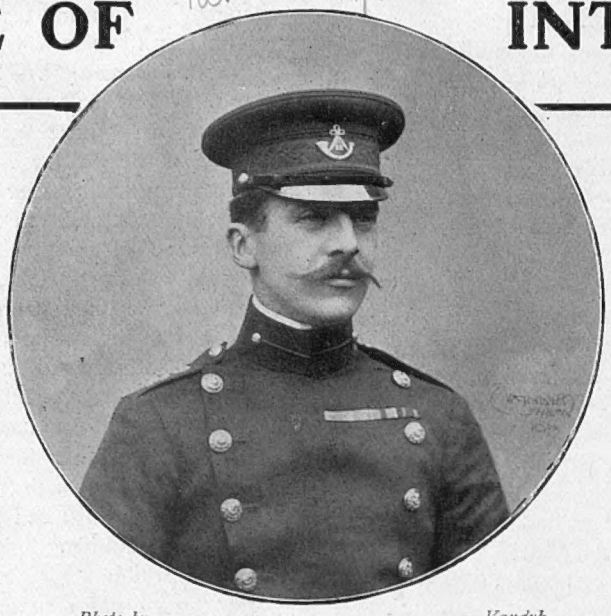


Photo by *Vandyk*

Lord Fitzwilliam

Lord Fitzwilliam

Many parts have been, and are, played by Earl Fitzwilliam. He is treasurer of the Liberal Unionist Association, and, in his character of distressed agriculturist (to the tune of some 115,800 acres) he led one of the cohorts that attended Mr. Chamberlain's famous Welbeck meeting, chartering a special train for the purpose. He knows more than most of us, by the way, about trains; for during the recent war, to which he went with the first of the Imperial Yeomanry, as Viscount Milton, he drove an engine with supplies over a threatened stretch of line from Elandsfontein to Vereeniging. He has one of the finest houses in the kingdom at Wentworth Woodhouse, and the ghost of the great Strafford (an ancestor on the distaff side) is said to haunt it once a week.

Two Noted Churchmen

The Rev. William Newbolt, Chancellor of St. Paul's Cathedral, whose claims for a bishopric are, it is rumoured, being considered by Mr. Balfour, has written a number of well-known works of theology and divinity in the course of the past twenty years. A Somerset man by birth, he went to Uppingham and Pembroke, Oxford. He married a daughter of Mr. W. Wren about the time of his obtaining his first living, that of Dymock, in Gloucestershire, which he held for seven years. Afterwards he was eleven years at Malvern Link. He was sixty last August. Chancellor Newbolt is succeeded as Canon in residence, and Sunday afternoon preacher at St. Paul's Cathedral during January, by Canon Scott Holland, that most remarkable of living Churchmen. It may or may not be that Eton and Balliol made him what he is: we should say not, as there is very little in the Canon's proclaimed "Christian Socialism" that can be traced to the influence of those great foundations, where his career was, all the same, a brilliant one. He is one of the greatest preachers of modern times; one of the men of "Lux Mundi"; and among the

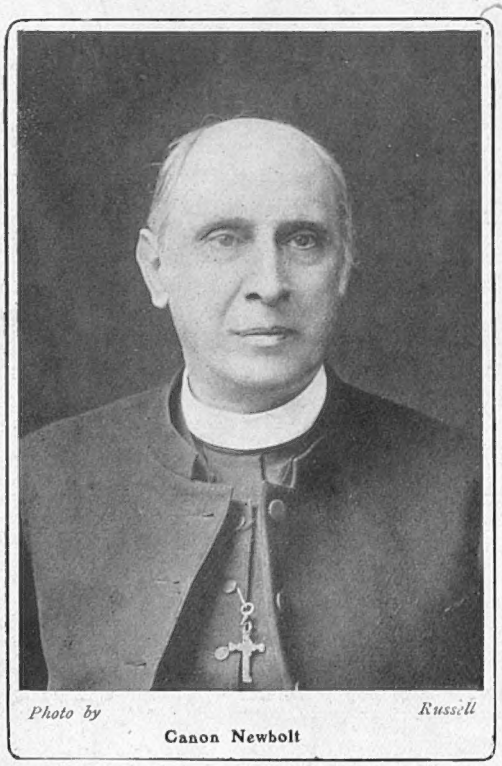


Photo by *Russell*

Canon Newbolt

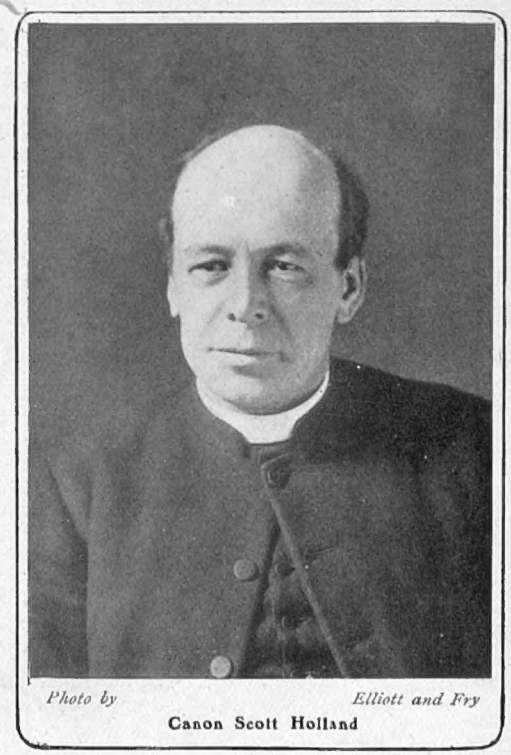


Photo by *Elliott and Fry*

Canon Scott Holland

THE RETIRING AND THE NEW CANON IN RESIDENCE AT ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL THIS MONTH

The Latest Cult—Strange Pets

Photo by *Kate Pragnell*

Mrs. Arthur Cadogan with her pet boa-constrictor

Photo by *Lallie Charles*

Lady De La Warr

Photo by *Thomson*

The Hon. Ursula Lubbock

Daughter of Lord Avebury, the celebrated scientist and philanthropist

most earnest social reformers living, as his editorship of the *Commonwealth* witnesses.

The Hon. Ursula Lubbock

The Hon. Ursula Lubbock is the charming nineteen-year old daughter of Lord Avebury, the celebrated scientist and philanthropist. At High Elms, the prettily-named Kentish home of the Lubbocks, the ants and bees are quite pets of the family; and the master of the house is never tired of telling about the intelligence of his favourite insects; sometimes, as an example, he will put an egg of an alien stock into an ants' nest, and point out how rapidly it is discovered and destroyed by the little creatures, who never, however, fail to recognise one of their own.

The Cult of Strange Pets

The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Cadogan was a widow when she married Mr. Arthur Cadogan, Lord Cadogan's brother, in 1888. Absolutely fearless, all her tastes lie in sports which require an amount of nerve and intrepidity not often found in her sex. She is a splendid and adroit fencer, and a daring horsewoman, and has for many years been a constant follower of hounds. Mrs. Arthur Cadogan confesses to a real affection for snakes, and has several of these weird pets, over which she possesses an extraordinary influence. They twine themselves affectionately round her waist and body, rather an uncanny spectacle to the mind of the ordinary mortal.

Lady De La Warr

Muriel, Lady De La Warr is the second daughter of Lord Brassey, and generally lives at Buckhurst, which she has made a veritable bower of beauty. She is the mother of three lovely children, little Lord Buckhurst and the Ladies Myra and Avice Sackville. She is devoted to country pursuits, breeds cattle and horses, while her dogs have won many prizes at various Shows. In her childhood, she accompanied her father and her mother, the first Lady Brassey, on many a voyage in the famous yacht *Sunbeam*, and still retains her love of the sea.

An Earl and the Carpet-Making Industry

Mr. H. C. King Stephens

If the hockey player-critics should fall under the ban of their governing Association, like their colleagues of the pen who play Rugby football in Scotland, one of the leading victims would be Mr. H. C. King Stephens, who is well known to all followers of hockey in the south as the best half-back in England. But Mr. King Stephens is, perhaps, even better known as the "mere man" who, in the columns of the *Daily Mail*, ventured to write in a disparaging manner of the lady exponents of the game, and thereby provoked an avalanche of indignant correspondence from all quarters of the United Kingdom. He has been rightly termed the "stormy petrel" of southern hockey, as he had hardly escaped from the wrath of the ladies, when he incurred the displeasure of the Southern Hockey Association by daring to publish a League table of the leading

Photo by *Wright*

Mr. H. C. King Stephens

The noted hockey player who recently raised such a controversy by criticising lady exponents of the game

clubs; any suggestion of Leagues or Cup ties being anathema to the governing body. Mr. King Stephens first played hockey in the season 1900-01, when he joined the Teddington Club, and quickly developed such an extraordinary aptitude for the game that be achieved the unique record of being chosen to play for Middlesex, the South, and England, in his second season.

Lord Pembroke

A curious thing about the Earl of Pembroke, whose action in taking up the famous carpet industry at Wilton has been much talked about, is that he has a strong strain of noble Russian blood in his veins, in addition to that of the Herberts. Count Woronzoff, who was Russian Ambassador at St. James's and died in England in 1832, left a fortune to his daughter, who had married the Lord Pembroke of that day. The present Earl came into the earldom in 1895 at the death of his accomplished brother, the traveller and writer, who died after a hunting accident; and the sudden succession put an end to

Photo by *Russell*

The Earl of Pembroke

Whose action in taking up the famous carpet-making industry at Wilton has aroused much interest

his long career in the House of Commons as Mr. Sidney Herbert. He has made an excellent Lord Steward of the King's Household. Wilton House, where he entertained the Prince and Princess of Wales last month, is famous for (among other things) its shooting, its Vandycks, and the fact that Sir Philip Sydney wrote his "Arcadia" there.

Lord Mount Stephen

The risks of living increase year by year as our civilisation grows more complicated, and mechanical appliances more generally used, yet, withal, human life is held more dearly now than ever it was. The question as to why such indispensable institutions as our hospitals are not under State control and supported by a general tax has been raised again and again, and, perhaps, its best answer is given by such donations as the one of £200,000 just given by Lord Mount Stephen to King Edward's Hospital Fund. As long as philanthropists of the Mount Stephen and Strathcona type realise in such splendid manner the responsibilities of

Lord Mount Stephen's Magnificent Donation

enormous wealth (in both cases well deserved and earned, not at the expense of the Empire, but in the actual furthering of its interests), so long will Government control of hospitals become less necessary. Lord Mount Stephen's life, like that of his cousin, Lord Strathcona, is one of those romances which brighten the story of life in our somewhat unromantic day. The son of a carpenter in a small Scottish

Photo by *Russell*

Lord Mount Stephen

Who has presented £200,000 to King Edward's Hospital Fund

town, from the very first day he commenced his life's work, he was ever seeking a larger and more expansive field for his energy. As one of the projectors, and, later, as head of the Canadian Pacific Railway, Lord Mount Stephen rendered incalculable services to Canada, and his greatest reward must be the prosperity which is evident on every hand in that vast country.

Sir Edmund Monson

Sir Edmund Monson, the retiring British Ambassador in Paris (writes our Paris correspondent), is socially, perhaps, one of the most charming personalities in the world of British diplomacy, and, as Monsieur Delcassé has epigrammatically, but very truly, said of him on more than one occasion, no one except His Majesty the King himself could have better lived down any feeling against England that was prevalent in France, or, when that feeling veered towards cordiality, more enhanced that better feeling.

A very tall man, slender and willowy, and, in spite of the rime of many years upon his hair and beard, singularly youthful in appearance. A well-dressed man, too, with the glamour of distinction on him that makes the prestige of the Englishman in foreign lands just what it is. Cordial in manner, and although not by any means a man of many words, Sir Edmund has in conversation a knack of choosing those few words of his extremely well. He has not, perhaps, always been quite happy in his public utterances, but—and I quote the French Secretary for Foreign Affairs a second time—the public utterances of an Ambassador are of more value to the Press

Photo by *Bassano*

Sir Edmund Monson

The British Ambassador in Paris who has just been created a baronet for his diplomatic services, and is returning to England

in many cases than they are to the furtherance of diplomatic negotiations, and in such negotiations Sir Edmund Monson has invariably proved his skill.

On several occasions I have heard Sir Edmund Monson laughingly remark, when complimented on the *Entente Cordiale* by French visitors, that he, "of course, had not really had a chance to do very much

Stories of General Stoessel and the Siege

towards it, for that the work had been taken out of his hands by His Majesty, his wife, and his private secretary, Mr. Colville Barclay."

A delightful experience awaits Sir Edmund Monson on his taking up residence in Thatched House Lodge, Richmond Park, which has been placed at his disposal by the King. Built by Sir Robert Walpole, this famous lodge was frequently visited by George II., who took such a fancy to the neighbourhood that White Lodge was ultimately built as a Royal residence.

Stories of General Stoessel

Anatole Michailovitch Stoessel is too severe and grim a personality to be the hero of anecdotes. Most of the stories about the famous General present him in a somewhat forbidding light. More often than not he appears as the inventor of some painful, but appropriate, punishment for a drunkard or an idler.

During the early days of the siege of Port Arthur, an artillery lieutenant was reported for intemperance. Stoessel ordered him to be shot. The young officer's brother interceded. "All right," said Stoessel, "let him risk his life. We're all doing that." He thereupon ordered the culprit to take a champagne bottle and tumbler, and sit upon an exposed part of the Tiger's Tail Fort, which the Japanese were bombarding. The unfortunate man begged to be shot at once. Stoessel was inexorable. The lieutenant sat for several hours, holding up, in the sight of all, the cause of his humiliation. Finally, a merciful shell blew him to bits.

Thirty years ago Stoessel was a lieutenant in the 2nd Rostoff Grenadiers. His indifference to dress, drink, and feminine society made him somewhat unpopular, and this unpopularity one day materialised in the tarring of all his uniforms by a certain Cornet Miasnitsky. Stoessel took characteristic vengeance. He entered Miasnitsky's quarters by night, seized his uniforms, and gave them to an old clothes man. Next morning, Miasnitsky, in despair, came to beg Stoessel's mercy. Stoessel, attired in a brand new uniform, met him at the door, and, handing him some of his tarred garments, told him to put them on, as they were better than nothing, adding that the Grand Duke Alexander would inspect the regiment at ten o'clock. Attired in a uniform streaked all over with tar, the unfortunate cornet appeared on the parade ground, where he was soundly rated and sentenced to a week's imprisonment by the furious Grand Duke.

Stoessel's first experience of the Far East came in 1883, when he went out as battalion commander of the 10th East Siberian Rifles. His first fight in Manchuria dates back exactly ten years. When staying at Khabarovsk, he and two other officers crossed in a boat to the Chinese side, where they were attacked by about a score of infuriated Manchus. The Manchus seized the boat, and Stoessel and his comrades, after killing several, had to seek safety in a long swim. Before reaching the Russian side of the river, Stoessel was carried down stream nearly five miles.

Rdj 28/3/06.

General Stoessel

The gallant defender of Port Arthur who has surrendered and received the honours of war

Stoessel went through part of the Russo-Turkish War. At one time he drilled a company of Bulgarian insurgents. According to M. Repin, his favourite method of punishing the clumsy and inefficient was by making them carry a placard marked "Osiol" (Ass). He went through the war without injury, but on his way home to Moscow had a narrow escape from death. The train in which he was travelling was wrecked, and two travellers in his compartment were killed. The future General escaped without a scratch.

Reading military history is Stoessel's recreation. He is a great admirer of Marlborough and Napoleon, and once won a bet that he could draw a correct map of every action in which Napoleon commanded. As a rule he abjures betting and gambling of all kinds. He is the author of the saying, "No one under the rank of General can afford to lose money at cards."

In Port Arthur, Stoessel was not at first popular, but the fighting had not been long in progress when the men began to worship him. A Russian officer declared that his presence was so indispensable during battle, that, when compelled by exhaustion to rest, he rigged out another officer in his well-worn cloak and forage-cap, and sent him, accompanied by his own staff, into the forts. The men who had heard a rumour that their beloved General was dead, regained courage, and, attacking the Japanese, drove them out of the fort.

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The Real Breakfast Table Problem: The "Fresh" Egg

(With apologies to the "Daily Mail")

seems to be to use a synonym, such as "Mr. Smith was united to." A pleasant phrase is one we observed in the *Westminster Gazette* the other day—in a list of forthcoming weddings—"Mr. F. Smith will meet Miss R. Robinson at the altar." It suggests rather a surprise encounter however. Cynics say the surprise really comes later.

Ollendorf Up-to-Date

EXERCISE I. ARMY REFORM.

Translate into German:

1. Have you a gun?

"Bystander" Revisions

No, but I have the lance of the gardener's son. It is a bright lance. The lance is a historic weapon, a picturesque weapon, a terrible weapon. It does not shoot far, however. It shoots a very little way. It does not shoot at all. My brother, who is in the artillery, has a gun.

2. Is your brother's gun a good weapon?

On the contrary, it is a bad weapon. It is antiquated. It is worn out. It is useless. It would not be fair for the enemy to attack us before he has his new gun. The new gun is already ordered from the gunner: and already my brother has a new cap.

3. When will the new gun of your brother arrive?

It is uncertain. It depends. It is impossible to say. In six months. In sixteen months. In twenty-six years. Never.

4. Why does not the Secretary of War hasten the arrival of the gun of your brother?

It would not be polite of him to hasten the arrival of my brother's gun. It would not be the mode. It would be unprecedented. The Germans would regard it as an insult, as unfriendly, as a *casus belli*. So would the War Office.

5. What is the War Office?

The War Office is the tomb of Secretaries for War. It is always reforming the Army. It is not interested in guns. It is composed of the sons of guns.

A Connoisseur

["TRUTH" *states that the craze for old furniture has reached such a height that Lord —— has turned his wife out of doors to make room for a Louis XVI. cabinet.*]

In *Truth* we see it chronicled, and so it must be true,
That a noble Lord, afflicted with the craze
Of collecting ancient furniture, has turned away his wife,
To accommodate a piece of Louis Seize.

Her ladyship feels probably a little bit aggrieved,
And a legal restitution she may seek,
But there's surely consolation in the compliment implied—
That her form was not sufficiently "antique."

Still, emancipated Womanhood will meditate revenge,
And husbands mustn't think that it's unfair,
If the Better Halves who've sat upon them faithfully for years,
Should supplant them by the purchase of a chair.

"The Renascence of Wonder"

The Renascence of Wonder—that phrase of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton's which has been so much extolled by his latest critic—is responsible for a good deal of spirited writing in unexpected corners of our newspapers. The following words are a case in point:

> Peering into the caverns where these monstrous implements are hidden, the awe of the timorous observer grows deeper. He stands beneath immense masses of steel and ponderous tubular castings into whose cavernous openings he might enter easily and be lost to view. Its proportions . . . rob him of speech. . .

This is not, as might be supposed, the description of some new Inferno by a twentieth century Dante. It is only a daily paper account of the District Railway's generating station at Chelsea. We are glad that its proportions did not rob the reporter of his pen.

A Revolution

Now that London is to have motor-omnibuses, the reproaches levelled by intelligent foreigners against our antiquated methods of getting about a surprisingly large city should begin to cease. The managers of the London Road Car Company have not shown any disposition to rush into new ways; they have, it is said, made the most careful experiments. They seem to have come to the conclusion that the use of motor-power will cause no loss of speed, and will, if anything, tend to diminish cruelty to animals. The conclusion is a sound one, we believe, and even old ladies will not regret it when they remember that if they can stop the new 'buses when they want to get down—and there is no conductor who can stand out against old ladies who insist upon getting down at this spot and no other—they will be stopping them without straining the poor horses. Many old ladies are quite remorseful about the poor horses—after they have got down.

MINIMUS.

The Elector's Friend

DEFINITIONS

Protection.—Free Trade.

Free Trade.—An effete policy.

Yellow Press.—A term of opprobrium applied by each ha'penny paper to its contemporaries.

Campaign of Calumny.—Used of an election won by the Liberals; used of most elections.

Lies.—Any argument used by the other side.

Lies, Tissue of.—Any argument used against the Tariff Reform League.

Hustling.—Losing seats.

Moral Victory.—A minority of anything up to two thousand.

Hopeful Sign.—A minority between two and five thousand.

Swing of the Pendulum.—A minority of five thousand and over.

Majority.—A candidate is said to have "attained his majority" when he is over twenty-one.

To accept an Offer.—To make sacrifices.

Bystander Philosophy

The game of Money is played with a pack of cards from which hearts have been thrown out.

Pay your debts, even if you have made a fortune.

Cast a kindly eye on your office boy. He, too, has his lucid intervals.

Even a sharp man may be gulled by a sharper.

A man may smile a smile, and be a—Freemason.

To err is one thing; to know that you err is another; to persevere in error indicates talent. Fools never err.

Red Paper

[*The* LADY'S PICTORIAL, *in pointing out that "we live in times when wall papers have to be carefully considered," remarks on "the fatal fashion of red dining rooms."*]

I may not be much of an artist,
But I *have* got a pair of eyes,
And I know, as a kind of instinct,
The colours that harmonise;
Yet, alas, for the nature artistic!
I am forced, for my daily bread,
To labour in town for a man called Brown,
And then dine in a room that's red!

I'm up in the morning early,
The fog hangs round like a pall;
There's ice I'm sure in the bathroom—
I shan't have a bath at all;
My throat is as dry as a desert,
I've got a most awful head,
And it's horrible, too, when you're feeling blue,
To breakfast in rooms of red!

I'm back from town in the evening
(And I owe a "tenner" to J.
He's the smartest man in the City
And he fooled me well to-day).
Dinner is rather a failure,
Dessert is a thing I dread;
When you know you're green, well, you can't be seen,
With an orange in rooms of red!

Last week I was feeling poorly
(Something went wrong inside),
"Jaundice," one doctor's verdict
As soon as the case was tried—
I musn't go up to the City—
They'd nurse me at home instead—
But how can a fellow whose face is yellow
Eat greens in a room that's red!

Well I lost my temper on Sunday,
As I do when occasion serves,
And I said to my wife at lunch time
(The paper got on my nerves)
I said in a voice of thunder. . . .
But, whatever the words I said,
A woman, you'd think, should not turn pink,
When surrounded by walls of red.

Photo by *Campbell-Gray*

Remarkable Performing Elephants at the Palace Theatre

These wonderfully trained animals play at barbers, one elephant going through the ordeal of being shaved by another one. Everything is quite in order, from stropping the razor to powdering his face after the operation. Our picture shows the elephants about to play cricket. They have the names of famous cricketers on their caps; one of the elephants bowl, and the one on the defensive hits the ball, makes a run, and the third one marks one on the board

A SPOILT WELCOME

DRAWN BY JOHN HASSALL

GRANNY (*to Tommy, who has been sent down to meet her*): "Hallo! crying? Is this the way to welcom your granny?"
TOMMY: "No—o—o. I had a snowball for yer, but it's melted in my pocket"

THE DECORATIVE MARVELS OF THE COLISEUM

The Terrace Tea Rooms

Photos by A Corner of the Antique Smoking Room [*Bassano*

THE DECORATIVE MARVELS OF THE COLISEUM

Grand Salon, with view of Ladies' Boudoir, the Information Bureau, and Telephone Exchange

Photos by] Grand Marble Staircase in the principal Salon [*Bassano*

CONCERNING MR. RUFUS ISAACS, K.C.

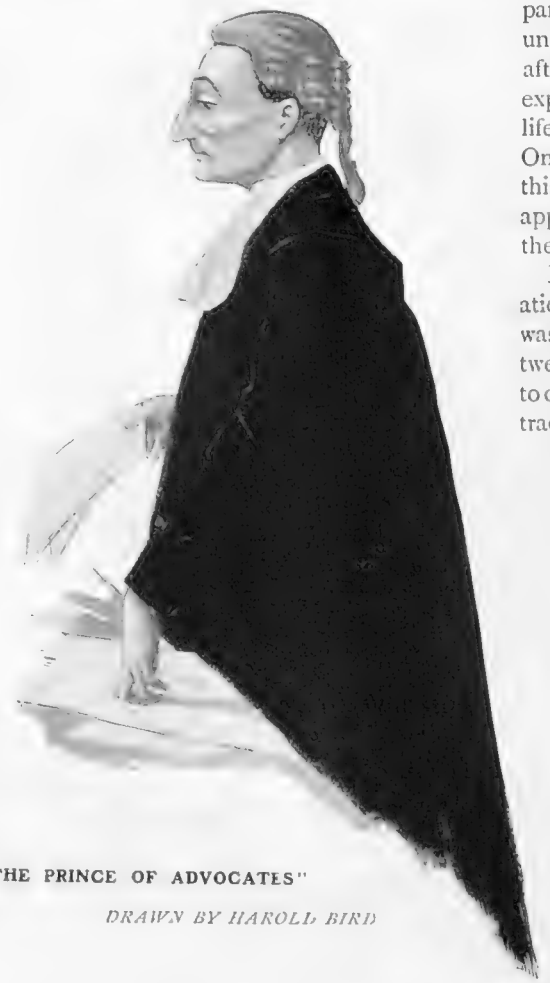
(NO. 58 OF THE SERIES)

Rather more than twenty-five years ago, the ship's boy of the *Blair Athol*, a three-masted vessel of some 2,000 tons, might have been observed handing up cargo from the hold as she lay alongside a wharf in Rio de Janeiro. The most remarkable things about him were a pair of jet-black eyes, and a pair of hands not less black; for the *Blair Athol* had brought coal from Greenock. The boy's disposition at the time was also dark of hue; for his attempt to escape from his ship had been foiled, and punished, moreover, by the setting of him to this degrading task.

His name was Rufus Daniel Isaacs, and he was no ordinary ship's boy. He had been a systematic prize-winner at a school in Brussels, had survived a thorough commercial education in London, and had topped up with a year at a Real Schule in Northern Germany. When he made up his mind to go to sea, he had command of English, French, and German. By the time his twelve months' cruise was over, he had also a good working knowledge of the language by means of which ships' officers communicate with their subordinates; he was thoroughly grounded in the art of cleaning brass and paintwork; and could, at a glance, distinguish a lee-scupper from a garboard strake. At adding figures and dodging belaying-pins he was equally quick; and, all things considered, it is doubtful if a more accomplished ship's boy ever smiled in the face of danger.

So industriously did he practice this last-named custom of the British seaman, that his smile has been a marked feature of his personality ever since. Judges like it. Jurymen never have enough of it. And though the stern and fanatical electors of North Kensington resisted its charm with success in 1900, it found those of Reading an easy prey last year, when he made his Parliamentary beginning, and took his seat on the Opposition benches.

But we anticipate. Much lay between the paying off of the *Blair Athol's* boy and the introduction to the House of Commons of the most successful advocate of his generation. There was an irksome period during which the young Isaacs acted as agent for his father's business in Magdeburg. The iron—or, to speak accurately, the general produce, in which he dealt, began to enter into his soul; and he determined to arrest its progress by returning home and going on the Stock Exchange. He did, in time, become a member of that institution.



"THE PRINCE OF ADVOCATES"

DRAWN BY HAROLD BIRD

But it did not do. Vast expanses of his nature still remained uncultivated, and he realised, after a short and chastening experience of the stock-broker's life, that it was not for him. Once more he threw up all, and this time went straight to his appointed business. He took to the law.

He studied; he passed examinations; he read in chambers; he was called to the Bar. It was but twenty years ago that he resolved to commit himself to the dangerous trade of a barrister, in which so many good men have found failure. It was in 1887 that Mr. Isaacs first became entitled to wear a wig; and it will be admitted that he had seen as much of the world by that time as most young fellows of twenty-seven.

It is dreadful to think of, but it is the fact that this prince of advocates, whose income soars among the tens of thousands, and who lives in one of the most delightful houses in Park Lane, used to do County Court and other obscure work, and knew a time when a guinea earned in the day was something to be pleased at. It was the Chetwynd-Durham arbitration that gave him his real chance. It was in 1891. Many great advocates have waited longer.

After this Mr. Isaacs got really busy. Like the Rufus of the American song, he was a wonder; you couldn't lose him. He bobbed up everywhere; and so great became the pressure of work that in 1898, after ten years of practice, he applied for silk. Nor, marvellous to tell, did he lose money by doing so. As for friends, he made more than ever.

What will become of Mr. Isaacs? How will he prosper in Parliament? Does he merely hear the Bench a-calling, and take the House as an avenue to it? Or is there something in the saying of an anonymous observer of affairs, that Rufus Isaacs will lead the Liberal Party?

Returning from Midnight Mass at the Madeleine, in Paris, on New Year's Eve

Books to Order this Week

GENERAL LITERATURE

"Uganda and its Peoples." By J. F. Cunningham, F.R.G.S. With an Introduction by Sir Harry Johnston. Illustrated. (Hutchinson and Co. : 24*s.* net.)

"R. L. Stevenson." A Biographical and Critical Study by Dr. Alexander Japp. (T. Werner Laurie.)

"Letters and Recollections of Sir Walter Scott." By Mrs Hughes (of Uffington). Edited by Horace Hutchinson. (Smith, Elder and Co. : 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"London Lyrics." By F. Locker-Lampson. (Macmillan and Co. : 2*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"The Melpomene Papers." By Annette Furness. (Fisher Unwin : 3*s.* 6*d.*)

NEW NOVELS

"The Valley of the Shadow." By William Le Queux. A Romance of Anglo-Italian Life in Florence. Ready to-morrow. (Methuen : 6*s.*)

"The Mystery of the Moat." By the late Adeline Sergeant. (Methuen : 6*s.*)

"In Spite of the Czar." By Guy Boothby. A Romance of Russian Life. (John Long : 5*s.*)

"Ronald Lindsay." By May Wynne. (John Long : 6*s.*)

The Latest Books

Letters and Recollections of Sir Walter Scott
By Mrs. Hughes (of Uffington)
Edited by Horace Hutchinson
(*Smith, Elder and Co. : 10s. 6d. net*)

"The more he looked at her the better he liked her," may not be very good poetry, although these actual words are to be found in a poem of Tennyson's, but the statement may be expanded into a general sentiment as applied to a few of the more amiable of our fellow creatures. It is a sentiment that is peculiarly applicable to Sir Walter Scott. It is not necessary to approach him through the medium of an admiring biographer, eager to present the best side of his character, and careful to hide the worst. There is no worst. All lies fair and square and open to the eyes of a censorious world, so that dive where you will amongst the familiar records that touch him where he could least be suspected of posing for the world's approbation, you will find him the same, and the more familiarly you look at him the better you will like him.

A great deal of the material of this book has been overlooked by Lockhart and the rest of Scott's biographers, and it is material that might have stood them in good stead. Mrs. Hughes, who carried on a regular correspondence with Scott on the most intimate terms, and twice visited him at Abbotsford, recording in her diary, not only her impressions of him and his surroundings, but many pages of his table talk, was a woman of rare parts. There is a most interesting little biographical sketch of her at the beginning of the volume, written by her grandson, who is a son of the author of "Tom Brown's Schooldays," in which her somewhat remarkable, but generally attractive, characteristics are well brought out. The beginnings of her intimacy with Scott were owing to a meeting at the house of a friend in 1806, and their correspondence began shortly afterwards. Apparently, his letters were not regularly preserved until the year 1821, when her grandson thinks that Mrs. Hughes must have begun to suspect the identity of the author of "The Lay of the Last Minstrel" and "The Waverley Novels." After that, they are not only carefully preserved, but carefully annotated by their recipient, and very delightful reading they make. More delightful still are the diaries, already referred to. The greater part of the anecdotes recorded are known, but, as Mr. Hutchinson says: "It will not be any the less interesting on that account to find them here as drawn at first hand from the fountain head." We may permit ourselves the following extract:

> I am in despair that I shall never be able to enumerate all the interesting anecdotes our dear and honoured host relates, but I will *harvest* all I can. Speaking of Sir Ewen Cameron, the well-known savage who bit a piece from his enemy's throat, and literally *worried* him, saying afterwards it was the sweetest morsel he ever tasted. . . . This grim old chieftain came to the Court of James II. (of England). The King offered him knighthood, and to make the honour greater, asked for Sir Ewen's own sword to confer the accolade: there had been so much rain on the journey, and his sword was so rusted in the scabbard that it could not be drawn: the old man was so distressed that he burst into tears; the King relieved him by saying, "Never mind, Sir Ewen: I am well aware that had the service of my brother or myself required it, your sword would have drawn by itself."

One might fill columns with extracts from the conversations recorded in Mrs. Hughes's diaries, but we must leave our readers to make acquaintance with them at first hand from these agreeable pages.

Ronald Lindsay
By Mav Wynne
(John Long: 6s.)

To come again for a time into close connection with the great Scottish romancer, causes one to regard kindly, if somewhat critically, a romance of which the chief character is a lieutenant of Claverhouse, and of which all the characters converse in a dialect somewhat broader than is altogether grateful to Southern ears. *Ronald Lindsay* comes well through the ordeal. It has a far closer relationship to the work of the master than many more ambitious works of its kind. The adventures, the pursuits and ruses, and fightings and escapes, are not merely detached episodes of a book of so many pages, but together make up a story of strong and continuous interest. The love of Ronald Lindsay for the sweet Covenanting maiden, into whose father's house he has come as a spy, and the sad events that follow, are of the real stuff of romance, and it is not saying too much to aver that the speech of the persons of the drama is so real and racy that it would have pleased Sir Walter himself.

London Lyrics
By F. Locker-Lampson
(Macmillan and Co.: 2s. 6d. net)

Messrs. Macmillan and Co. have done well to include Locker-Lampson's *London Lyrics* in their Golden Treasury Series. Mr. Austin Dobson, in his excellent introduction, has said the best that can be said about these charming verses, and the best that can be said amounts to this, that they are well worth perpetuating. "His work," writes Mr. Dobson, "is his own, marked with his signet and sign-manual; expressed in his particular tone and trick of speech; and, however, as an executant, he may 'touch the tender stops of various quills,' it is impossible to mistake his utterance for that of another!" The *London Lyrics*, with their ingenuity of thought and of phrase, deserve to be far better known than they actually are, and it is to be hoped that this attractive little edition will introduce them to a wider circle of readers.

The Melpomene Papers
By Annette Furness
(Fisher Unwin: 3s. 6d.)

The Melpomene Papers are founded on the doings and conversations of an English girl and an American girl who spent a few weeks of early summer together in a beautiful country house and garden. They are full of wit and humour and observation. Melpomene, the American girl, is a charming creature, and her English friend hardly less so. The book is original, and well worth reading.

Books to Appear Shortly

The life of a new book seems to grow shorter every year. Already the 1905 volumes are pressing their claims on the public, and the remainder man will soon be the only hope of the unfortunates of 1904. One publisher—Mr. John Long—announces no fewer than eighteen novels for the present month, and Messrs. Methuen have also made a start with a list which includes new books by Robert Hichens, Eden Phillpotts, Pett Ridge, William Le Queux, Robert Barr, W. E. Norris, Mrs. C. N. Williamson, Clark Russell, and John Oxenham.

One of the most interesting items in general literature to come from Messrs. Methuen is a "biography and political study" of Mr. Winston Churchill, by Mr. A. M. Scott. It has fallen to the lot of few men to be glorified in this way at Mr. Winston Churchill's age, but the truth is, of course, that Mr. Churchill has managed to crowd more into his thirty years than do most men at twice that age. It is less than ten years ago since he joined the Hussars, but in that time he has been through four campaigns, has written five or six successful books, and has become one of the most brilliant political speakers of the day. The forthcoming biography must necessarily be incomplete, for the later chapters of his life—when they come to be written—promise to be as remarkable as any that appear in the forthcoming book.

One hardly looked for a novel of modern life and manners from the pen of Nora Hopper (Mrs. Hugh Chesson), whose name has hitherto been pleasantly associated only with lyrics and fantasies. Such, however, will be the nature of her next book, and first novel, entitled *The Bell and the Arrow: An English Love Story*, which Mr. Werner Laurie is to publish. The scene of the book is laid in the neighbourhood of a cathedral city, and the characters are English, with one Hibernian exception, "without whom," we are assured, "the authoress would be afraid to face the Irish Literary Society when the time comes to pronounce upon her work." The Celtic influence, which is so strongly marked in Mrs. Chesson's work, is strange when one realises that it has never been developed by residence in Ireland.

Mr. Edmund Downey's reminiscences of *Twenty Years Ago*, which Messrs. Hurst and Blackett will shortly publish, should be worth reading, for Mr. Downey has had dealings, both as author and publisher, with a host of interesting people, and can write well. Some of his novels—notably "Through Green Glasses"—written under the *nom de plume* of F. M. Allen, have been very popular. Mr. Downey served his apprenticeship in the book world with William Tinsley, who, with his brothers, published Miss Braddon's first important book, "Lady Audley's Secret." Tinsley, by the way, in his own "Random Recollections," gives a curious account of "Lady Audley's" adventurous run for fortune. The tale made two attempts to appear in serial form, but in each case, it seems, the paper died before the story could run its full course. Then it was announced as a two-shilling volume, and again by another publisher in three-volume form, before the Tinsley Brothers took it over—and they made an uncommonly fine bargain by it, for the book sprang into popularity with amazing rapidity. "The fact was," says William Tinsley, "there had, at some time, been some sort of an Audley family secret, and I think the moral and the old story got a bit mixed."

This week Messrs. Hutchinson are publishing Mr. J. F. Cunningham's book on *Uganda and its Peoples*, which is intended as a sequel to Sir Harry Johnston's great work on the Uganda Protectorate. "Since my book was published in 1902," writes Sir Harry Johnston himself, in a preface which he has contributed to the present volume, "Mr. Cunningham has been at work gathering additional information, chiefly connected with the native tribes of Uganda. Some of this information was collected with the idea of its incorporation into a second edition of my book; but upon its being submitted to my publishers and to myself, we both realised that this additional material was too considerable and too important to constitute merely an additional chapter to another man's book." Hence the volume now being published.

Gossip About Books and Their Makers

John Strange Winter

The comic journalist is fond of joking about the lady who conceals her age. One has only to consult "Who's Who" to discover that this antique jape has good warranty in fact; for few, indeed, are the ladies who have the courage to allow their birthdays to be recorded therein. I confess to an enhanced measure of regard for these few, as it has ever seemed a mystery to me that any person of good sense can wish to conceal so ineluctable a fact as the date of one's birth. The vivacious writer who has enjoyed so long a spell of popularity as "John Strange Winter" is one of the few lady novelists who are not ashamed of their years. Thus it is possible for me to wish Mrs. Arthur Stannard "many happy returns" in anticipation of her birthday, which falls on Friday next. Mrs. Stannard, who is a daughter of the vicarage, was born at York on January 13, 1856, and has been a writer of fiction for no less a period than thirty years. Married two decades back, the cares of a family have in no wise interfered with her literary work, for her pen has never been idle all these years. A sturdy independence has always marked her attitude towards the literary life, and I remember her spirited defence of the woman who works, which, ten or twelve years ago, some remarks of Mr. Hall Caine's drew from her. The author of "The Prodigal Son" has had to stand a good deal of criticism in his day, but never, I think, before or since, such plain speaking as he had from "John Strange Winter" on that occasion!

John Strange Winter (Mrs. Arthur Stannard)

To whom THE BYSTANDER offers "many happy returns" on her birthday, which falls next Friday

Authors in "Trade"

But I can find nothing to say in favour of Mrs. Stannard's latest exploit along the lines of Mr. George R. Sims. I was present, not so long ago, at a great literary gathering where Mr. Sims was one of the guests, and the chairman made a witty allusion to the distinguished writer "whose good humour has enabled us in our old age to keep our hair on." This does not strike me as a pleasant thing to have said about one, but Mr. Sims has deliberately courted it, and now, enter "John Strange Winter" with a specific for the hair. I rejoice that her books have all been clean, wholesome fiction, worthy of their wide popularity, and unlike much that women are now writing (though, oddly enough, a publisher is at present advertising a questionable book as "It is a hair-raiser!"). But I cannot accept Mrs. Stannard's plea for entering the ranks of the patent medicine-vendors on the ground that certain members of our old aristocracy have soiled their fingers with "trade." In England, authors of distinction have, rightly or wrongly, come to be regarded as a sort of Brahmin class, and to use their reputation for such a purpose as "booming" a hair-wash, should mean, and rightly so, to lose caste. It is a very different thing to rise from the ranks of tradesmen into the eminence which literary success bestows. Shakespeare was a theatrical manager; Samuel Richardson was a printer; Samuel Rogers, a banker; the late J. H. Shorthouse, a chemical manufacturer; Mr. Rider Haggard has been an agriculturist all his life; in short, the instances are innumerable in which distinguished writers have derived a large portion of their incomes from some trade or profession outside of literature—one remembers Voltaire, especially—but an era of Marie Corelli's liver pills, and Hall Caine's corn cure, is a horror from which we may earnestly pray to be delivered.

Mr. Watts-Dunton

When I spoke of ladies who feared to confess their age, I had also in mind a very small class of gentlemen who are equally reticent. And among these I am compelled to include Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton, concerning whom I have been reading much in Mr. James Douglas's portly and portentous tome,

just published by Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton. I confess that I have read the four hundred and fifty-seven pages of this curious and perplexing book with considerable interest, and, if not always with approval, still with the feeling that Mr. Douglas has done a work worth doing. How to describe the book might require at least the whole of my space for two weeks, so that I shall not attempt in a word or two so forbidding a task. I cannot imagine that anyone, even moderately interested in the literary affairs of our time, will omit to acquaint himself with the contents of Mr. Douglas's remarkable work, and if I throw out here a hint or two of the thoughts that have come to me in the perusal of the book, that is the most I shall be able to do.

Contemporary Biography

There is a sense in which I hailed the project of Mr. Douglas with satisfaction. When, some years ago, it seemed good to me to attempt a study of the life and writing of a still living author, many a critic was horrified at the appearance of a book whose subject had not achieved the great glory of burial, and here and there wise Solon was quoted, "call no man happy until he is dead." Yet for centuries the practice of writing and criticising living men has been observed. We are apt to forget that the greatest of all French critics, Sainte Beuve, whose centenary has just been celebrated, wrote chiefly of his contemporaries. Mr. Douglas, therefore, in my opinion, had good excuse for his task, though it is clear to me that, in endeavouring to carry it out in what may be called a semi-official manner, he has been greatly shackled, and to the hurt of his undertaking. Whatever the book may be, assuredly it is not a biography, as many of the most essential details of a biography are lacking, with the result that it reads, at times, as if the author were describing some far-off, divine character who had illumined a dim corner of the dark ages with his genius, and had vanished, leaving no scrap of *personalia* outside of his almost impersonal writings. To say the least, this is odd, when the man to whom the great book is devoted is living within a threepenny 'bus fare from Fleet Street! But Mr. Watts-Dunton is entitled to wrap his cloak of mystery around him, since that is his humour, and we must not set it to Mr. Douglas's discredit that he has attempted to show us the man, not as a positive study in character, but, if I may say so, in the reflected light of his friendships. And who of our time has been so rich in famous friendships? Borrow, Rossetti, Morris, Swinburne, Lowell—these are a few only of Mr. Watts-Dunton's friends, nor can one read this book without the conviction that the author of "Aylwin" has been worthy of his friendships, on Stevenson's principle, "that a grateful spirit gives as good as it gets." Mr. Douglas's real task has been to give, by means of copious extracts, an exposition of Mr. Watts-Dunton's theory of the "Renascence of Wonder," as illustrated not only in his great novel and his poetry, but in his critical writings; and in this, I am persuaded, he has succeeded.

Photo by *Carine Cadby*

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne

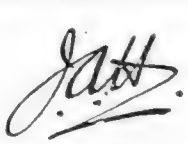
From a hitherto unpublished portrait

Mr. Richard Le Gallienne

While I am far from agreeing with Mr. Douglas that Mr. Watts-Dunton's true *métier* was that of a poet rather than a critic, I can sympathise with Mr. Le Gallienne, who, we are reminded, has said that he bought that arid waste of dismal learning, the "Encyclopædia Britannica," simply to possess one article—Mr. Watts-Dunton's article on poetry. For all Mr. Douglas's gorgeous enthusiasm, I have the fortitude to assert that, "minor poet" though he be, Mr. Le Gallienne has written poetry which has moved me as strongly as any of Mr. Watts-Dunton's. One seldom sees Mr. Le Gallienne in London nowadays, and, although he has a house in St. John's Wood, he seems to be more often in America than in England. His public across the Atlantic is, perhaps, greater now than his following in his native land, and his most recent book, "Some Love Stories Re-told," has been published in America only. I wonder if he still affects the sartorial eccentricities which Mr. Jerome K. Jerome once hit off in a witty anecdote. "I was on a country road," said Mr. Jerome, "when I saw approaching a dark young lady with curly hair, a wide lace collar, and a dainty suit of velvet, polished shoes with bright buckles, astride a man's bicycle; and when she came up to me I recognised — Richard Le Gallienne!"

Miss Corelli and Dickens

Little did I know when I wrote the other week suggesting that our eminent authors should emulate Dickens in the matter of Christmas stories, that Miss Corelli had prepared a great coup in the shape of a "real old-fashioned Christmas story," with some modern colouring, which has since been loudly acclaimed throughout the land. Less did I suspect that she had adopted the somewhat ingenious plan of merely bringing "A Christmas Carol" up to date. Some people have been saying hard things about Miss Corelli in this connection, but I am not one of them, as it seems to me no bad device, when inspiration fails you, to flatter a great model by imitation. After all, the Greek dramatists did very well for generations with a beggarly bundle of plots, and, surely, there is matter in "A Christmas Carol" for many of us to rake over!



Champions of English Sport, 1904

Jack White
Golf Open Champion

W. J. Travis (America)
Golf Amateur Champion

Pte. S. J. Perry (Canada)
King's Prize Winner, Bisley
(Score 321 out of a possible 355)

J. W. Morton

Who ran 120 yards in 11⅘ secs., thus equalling the record time made by W. P. Philips in 1882, and C. Bradley in 1894

Alfred Shrubb

Holder of the 2, 3, 4, 5, and 10-mile Championships, all of which have been won in record time. Shrubb also holds the one-hour amateur record, covering 11 miles 1,137 yards

Champions of English Sport, 1904

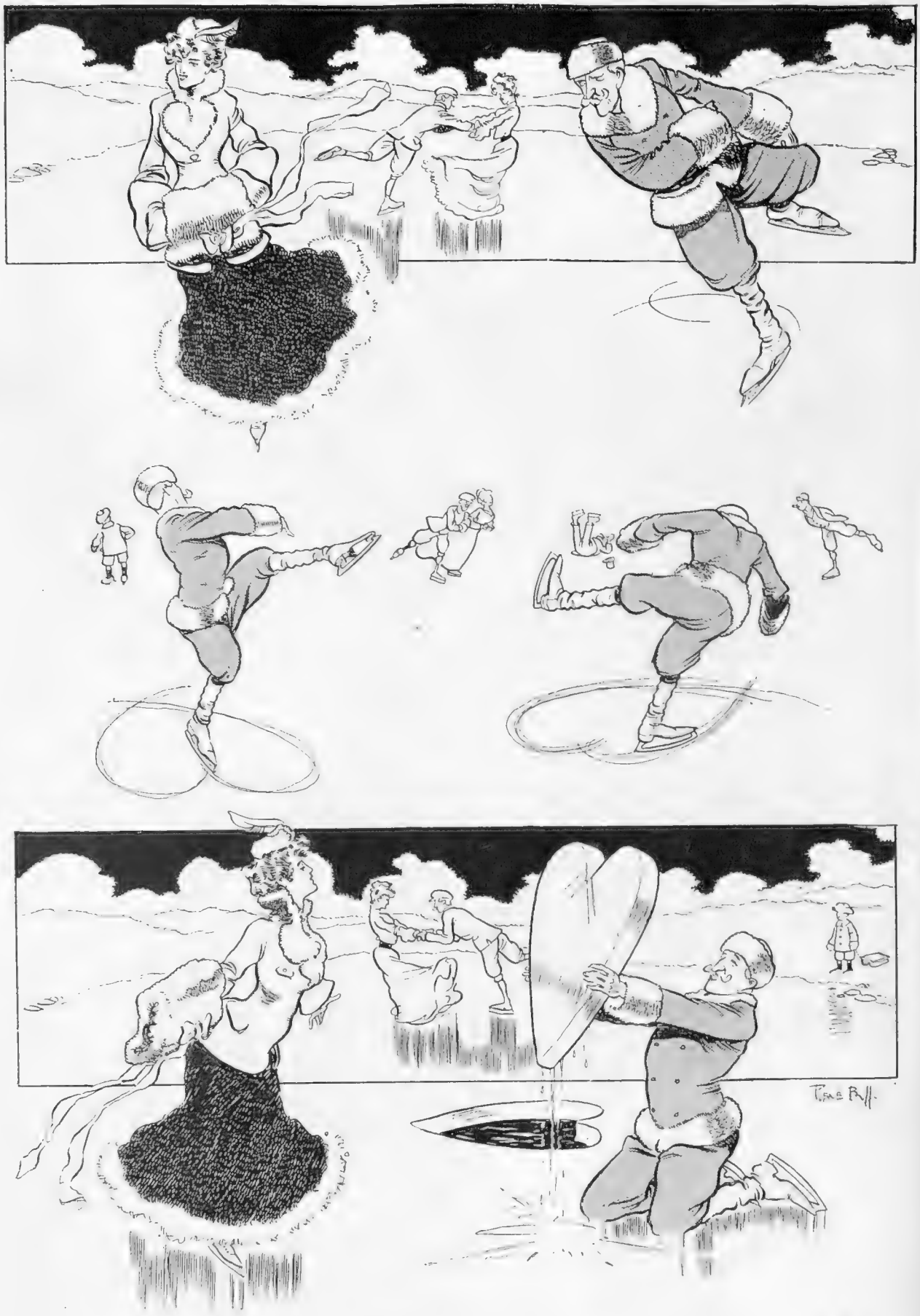
H. L. Doherty
Winner of the Gentlemen's Singles Lawn Tennis Championship, 1902, 1903, 1904

H. K. Foster
Winner of the Rackets Amateur Championship, 1904

K. S. Ranjitsinhji
Who headed the 1904 batting averages with 74·17 for 34 innings

George Towns (Australia)
Holder of World's Aquatic Championship, 1901 and 1904, and Sculling Championship Cup of England

C. Dawson
Holder of Billiard Championship, 1904. Also first Champion in 1899 under Billiard Association Rules



AN ICE IDYLL

OUR SHORT STORY

THE PONTRESLIN BRIDGE

By J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND

"Telegram, Sir. The boy is waiting for an answer."

John Burncastle roused himself from an unpleasant reverie in front of a roaring fire, and, rising slowly to his feet, took the buff-coloured envelope and tore it open. His face whitened as he read its contents, and the thin sheet of pink paper trembled in his hands.

For a moment he stood irresolute, as though stunned by the shock of some great disaster. Then he walked over to a table, picked up a Bradshaw, and turned over the pages with feverish anxiety. For a minute he scanned the columns of tiny figures, and then, taking a telegraph form from a drawer, he wrote the following reply to the message he had received.

"Will come by 9.27 train. If you can't meet me at station, will walk. Burncastle."

When the servant had left the room, the young man crossed to the window, drew aside the curtain, unbarred the shutters, and looked out into the night.

The yellow stream of light fell on a square patch of whirling snowflakes. A small bank of them lay along the bottom of the glass. The wind howled dismally, and the keen breath of it came whistling down through the cracks of the windows.

John Burncastle closed the shutters, and looked at his watch. It was 8.30, and he would have to allow twenty minutes to walk to the station. He returned to the fireplace, and, taking the crumpled telegram from his pocket, stared at it, as though he did not quite understand its contents. Yet its message was plain enough. The woman he loved, and from whom he had parted a year ago in anger, was dying, and had asked to see him before she died. The truth was distinct, naked, horrible. Yet there was much left to the imagination.

For a whole year the man, strong-minded and practical, had strangled every thought of this woman. It was no mere lover's tiff that had separated them, but an act of deception on the woman's part which amounted to a gross insult. Yet, as John Burncastle stared at the few words which the girl's father had sent to him, he recalled nothing but the glorious days of love; and in the glare of that blinding light the cause of offence shrank back into nothingness. It lay between the splendour of love and the shadow of death, insignificant and ashamed.

For a few minutes the young man yielded to the memories of the past, and the fear of what might happen in the next few hours. Then his strong, sensible mind re-asserted itself. He went upstairs and prepared himself for the journey that lay before him. A pair of thick boots, breeches and gaiters, a heavy overcoat, a small flask of brandy; these were the essential things of the moment. Possibly a two miles walk through the mountains awaited him, and he knew that he would have to fight every yard of the way, for the snow had been falling for sixteen hours.

At 9.20 he was standing on the litttle platform of Llanfechan station. The line ran round the foot of a great spur of mountains on the west coast of Wales. On one side of it lay the sea, on the other a towering wall of rock that showed black against the white slopes. The bitter Nor'-Wester sang through the small wooden sheds, and piled up the snow against their sides. John Burncastle took a ticket for Carn, and shrank under the lee side of the booking office.

"Train late to-night?" he asked a porter who slouched up with a lantern. The man shook a great cake of snow from his cap, and then looked at his huge watch.

"Indeed, she'll be an hour late to-night, Sir."

Burncastle placed a warm sixpence in the man's cold, red hand, less for services rendered than for pity of his lot, and then turned to the pallid clerk in the booking office.

"Can I wire through to Carn?" he asked, "it is urgent, very urgent."

"No, indeed, Dr. Burncastle," the youth answered, "not if it were life and death to you. The last message came through half an hour ago. The wires are broken."

"Both ways?" asked the young man. "I don't care if the message has to go round by New York."

"She's broken both ways," the clerk answered. "But there'll be a train to Carn in an hour—if the line isn't blocked."

John Burncastle turned away from the little window.

"Lines gone both ways," he muttered to himself, "cut off—and if the train doesn't turn up—not even a word of forgiveness." He left the shelter of the shed, and thrust himself into the snow-laden wind. The icy sting of it roused the fighting spirit of the man. At any cost he must get to the Plas Llynglas that night.

He paced up and down the patform, finding a fierce joy in the fury of the storm. Then, realising that, perhaps, he would need all his strength that night, he entered the station-master's room.

"An hour late at a station twenty miles east of Llanfechan." That was the information the station-master gave about the 9.27 train. "It was sure to lose more time before it arrived," he continued. "Possibly it might never arrive at all. And, if it arrived, it might never reach Carn. Yes, it was an awful night. He had not known such a night for ten years. It was just ten years ago, almost to a day, when the Pontreslin Bridge was swept away. A high tide, and

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a Nor'-Wester, and the ironwork of the bridge strained with the frost. But they built bridges differently in those days."

Burncastle found small comfort in the station-master's conversation, but the sound of the man's voice was pleasant. The young doctor did not wish to be left to his own thoughts. In the darkness outside there was the white face of a dying woman, and the faint wail of a voice crying for forgiveness.

At eleven o'clock, however, he put on his heavy overcoat, and once more went out on to the platform. The lights of the station fell on two glistening lines of steel, swept bare of snow by the raging wind. On either side they disappeared into darkness. Burncastle looked eastward with fierce, longing eyes. The lines looked smooth and clear enough for the quick passage of a train. Yet no man could tell what lay beyond in the darkness of the storm-tossed night; perchance, drifts that were twenty feet in depth.

Then he looked to the Nor'-West, where the line curved round the coast to Carn. He knew well enough what lay there, and he turned his eyes away from the vision that floated out to him from the darkness.

For twenty minutes he paced up and down the platform. Then he noticed a faint glow in the East, a mere patch of dull red against the blackness. It slowly grew till it became a lurid flare of light. Then a white speck sprang into being beneath it. The shriek of a whistle rose above the roar of the storm, and the 9.27 train, nearly two hours late, steamed slowly, almost painfully, into Llanfechan station, and came to a standstill.

The station-master emerged from his room, and the porter walked along the platform, swinging his lantern, and crying out the name of the station in a hoarse, guttural voice. Four passengers alighted from the train, stamped their feet, and asked loudly for a refreshment room. The guard and the station-master walked forward to the engine, and talked to the driver. The glow from the open door of the furnace made the little scene stand out distinctly in the darkness. The train itself was crusted with snow, and looked almost beautiful in the feeble light of the station lamps.

Then the guard and station-master came hurriedly back to the group of passengers.

"I'd advise you gentlemen to stop at Llanfechan to-night," said the guard, abruptly, "but, if you insist, we must go on. It will only mean being snowed up, and a bad night for all of us."

The passengers broke into a chorus of questions about inns and trains in the morning. John Burncastle walked up to the group and listened to them in silence. He did not speak till he had heard them agree to stay in Llanfechan for the night.

"I insist on being taken to Carn," he said quietly. The guard and station-master reasoned and expostulated, but Burncastle was firm.

"I insist on the train going to Carn," he said sternly. "If the snow stops us—well, that's no fault of yours. But, if you stop here, you will fail in your duty, and I shall see that you suffer for it."

The guard's face flushed with anger, and a sharp reply was on the tip of his tongue. But, when the station-master had taken him aside and explained that Dr. Burncastle was a son of one of the directors of the line, his manner changed.

"Very well, Sir," he said politely. "If you insist, we will do our best—but you know what to expect."

"I expect," answered Burncastle slowly, "that you will do your best. This is a matter of life and death to me."

He turned sharply on his heel, but before he could reach the door of a first-class carriage, the youth from the booking office rushed out bareheaded into the storm and grasped him by the arm.

"Telegram for you, Sir," he cried, "just sent through. The wire's free." Then turning to the guard, he shouted: "You can't go on, you can't go on! The Pontreslin Bridge is broken!"

"The Pontreslin Bridge broken!" repeated Burncastle, slowly. "How—ah, the telegram, where is it?"

"Come here, Sir," said the clerk, running towards the booking office. Burncastle followed, and, when he had entered the room, he took a slip of paper from the youth's hand.

"Dr. Burncastle, Llanfechan. Pontreslin Bridge has been carried away; do not come to-night; all is well."

The young doctor stared at the words with a puzzled expression on his face. Then an idea struck him.

"There is no station between here and Pontreslin?" he said, sternly.

"No, Sir."

"And the Pontreslin station is on the far side of the bridge?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Then, if the bridge was carried away, the wires would probably be broken. If I remember right, they are laid along the rail of the bridge?"

"Ye-es, Sir."

"Have the message repeated!"

The clerk flushed, and began to stammer out a reply.

"Have the message repeated!" Dr. Burncastle said, sternly. The youth did not move, and the doctor grasped him roughly by the arm.

"A put up job, eh?" he said savagely, "to prevent the train from going on, eh? but, as sure as I stand here, I'll have the lot of you sacked. And the train goes to Carn to-night! By God, it does!" And he swung the unhappy youth to and fro—a limp bundle of flesh and clothes.

"I swear," the clerk gasped, "I swear this message came through."

"Then—have—it—repeated," shouted Burncastle, letting go of the terrified youth, who staggered back on to a pile of brown paper parcels.

"I asked them," whined the clerk, "I swear I asked them. Couldn't get a reply. I don't know where the message came from. I don't know who sent it. It's all most irregular. It's not my fault." He spoke in short, jerky sentences, his voice rising defiantly, tone upon tone. The station-master entered.

"We have to thank your friend," he began, but Burncastle turned on him with blazing eyes.

"Let the train start at once," he thundered, "you shall pay for this little game. Wire from Pontreslin?

'The bridge stands!" said the station-master, with chattering teeth

Wire from Hell, I say, for its hellish work to keep a man from a deathbed. Wire from Pontreslin! And the bridge broken—bah, you must think me a fool, Mr. Evans. The train must proceed at once."

"I — don't understand," the station-master stammered slowly, "of course, the message can't be from Pontreslin. Where is it from, Williams?"

The clerk explained, and Mr. Evans, anxious to make peace, told him to try every station within twenty miles on either side of Llanfechan. The youth sat down on the high, leather-covered stool, and began to tap vigorously on the instrument. At the end of the first series of taps he paused, and there was silence. Burncastle, who had been pacing up and down the room like a caged lion, stopped and listened.

"Pontreslin, no answer," droned the youth, and began another series of taps. Then again he paused, and there was silence in the room.

"Caerwyn, no answer." Then another series of taps.

"Pencader, no answer," and so on and so on, till he had exhausted all the stations that would be likely to know of any accident to the Pontreslin Bridge. Then he climbed down from his stool and smiled. But it was the ghost of a smile, and it died away as he looked at Burncastle's face.

"I am afraid, Sir," said the station-master, "that we are cut off on both sides."

"You have been since nine o'clock," the doctor replied abruptly, "and this message about the Pontreslin Bridge is a mere hoax, a vile, cruel hoax. But you shall pay dearly for it, and it will avail you nothing. I am going in the train to Carn to-night."

"The Pontreslin Bridge is broken," the station-master murmured mechanically.

"Then the train shall go as far as the bridge," retorted Burncastle, "and I will see for myself whether——" He stopped, and all three men turned to the telegraph instrument. The needle had begun to click out another message. The clerk sprang forward, pencil in hand. The other two looked at each other and listened, though the dots and dashes of the code meant nothing to them. The clerk wrote slowly on a piece of paper.

At last the click of the instrument stopped, and the clerk tapped furiously. But there was no reply. He handed the message to Dr. Burncastle. It was identical, word for word, with the one he had received before. The young man's face grew white and hard.

"There is some devilry in this," he said harshly. "But I will get to the bottom of it. Look here, Evans, I apologise for what I said and thought. But I must try to get to Carn to-night."

"They'll take you through on the engine," the man replied in a frightened voice, "if there's a road. And if not—well, to tell the truth, Sir, I'd like to run as far as the Pontreslin Bridge myself."

Four minutes later, the engine steamed slowly out of Llanfechan station into the very teeth of the gale. Dr. Burncastle and the station-master stood under the shelter of the cab, and were glad of the warmth that came from the hot metal beneath their feet. The snow drove past them in long streaks of white. The fury of the wind was so great that Burncastle thought he could feel the engine shiver and pause at the shock of it. Looking behind them, they could see nothing, save when the furnace door was open. Then, for a moment, there was a flare of lurid red, and the driven snow glowed blood-red against the outer darkness.

A mile from the station, the snow began to deepen on the line, and the engine churned it up into a shower of white spray. A little further on they ran into a drift, axle deep, and the slow moving engine had not sufficient momentum to force its way through.

"Let drive at it," said Burncastle roughly. "It's our only chance." The driver took his engine back a few hundred yards, and drove it at thirty miles an hour into the very heart of the drift. For a moment it seemed as though the air itself were a solid mass of snow. The great lump of machinery throbbed and struggled like a living thing trying to free itself from the white embraces of a giant. It slowed down, hesitated for a moment, and then rushed forward with a jerk that sent the station-master to his knees. The driver shut off steam, and put on the brakes.

"A near thing," he muttered, "she only just did it."

They encountered no more drifts, and crept slowing along the line till the red eye of the signal glared out of the darkness. Then the driver brought his engine to a standstill

"The bridge is a hundred and fifty yards further on," he said. "I will wait here, if you gentlemen will go forward and see what has happened.

Dr. Burncastle and the station-master descended from the foot plate, and with linked arms struggled forward between the rails. Mr. Evans held a lantern, which swung too and fro, as the wind beat against it. The snow cut their faces like the lashes of a whip.

In a few minutes they reached the bridge, and clung on to the iron rail. A new sound rose into the tumult of the storm—the roar and crash of the waters—the full strength of a big tide heaped up into the estuary by the raging wind. The ironwork of the bridge groaned and trembled. Mr. Evans held up his lantern, and Burncastle saw the whiteness of his face.

"It stands," said the station-master, with chattering teeth, "so far as we can see."

"About three yards," replied Burncastle, "and the bridge is three hundred yards across. We must cross to the other side."

"I—I'd rather not. It might go at any minute. I remember—ten years ago——"

Burncastle snatched the lantern from his hand. "I'll go. After all, it is my business. Wait here, or go back to the engine." The station-master grasped him by the arm, but the young man shook him off, and, with one hand on the rail, commenced his perilous journey.

As he moved cautiously along, foot by foot, the bridge quivered as though struck by a series of stupendous blows. The noise of the water beneath him was deafening. The wind at times was so strong that he had to stop and cling to the iron rails. The snow streamed down, and blotted out everything that lay beyond the small yellow circle of light.

But at last he saw the faint gleam of a signal lamp

on the farther shore, and he knew that he had accomplished his mission. The telegram had lied. The Pontreslin Bridge had not been carried away.

He took out his watch, and looked at it. It was now 12.45. He could retrace his steps, and the engine would be at Carn before half-past one.

But, before he had replaced his watch in his pocket, a stupendous and deafening roar rose above the din of the storm, the ironwork rocked beneath his feet, and he was flung face downward on the line. A moment afterwards he found that his arm was hanging over empty space, and that the lantern, still clutched in his hand, threw its light downwards into a black abyss.

. . . . . .

John Burncastle reached Pontreslin that night, and by morn of the next day he was standing by the bedside of the woman he loved. She was asleep, but the shadow of death was still upon her face. The young doctor took her father aside and talked to him in low whispers.

"We thought" the old man said, in trembling voice, "that she was dead last night. For four hours all life had gone. Her heart stopped; she did not breathe; we could do nothing. Yet to-day she is better. The doctor says the crisis has passed."

"The four hours?" asked Burncastle. "What time?"

"From 9 to 1, as near as possible."

Dr. Burncastle did not reply, but, taking up a sheaf of blank telegram forms from a table, he stared at the top one, which bore the faint impress of the last message that had been written and torn off.

"Ah," said the father, with a smile, "my telegram to you last night. But it is as well you did not come."

"It is well I did not come," Burncastle repeated, quietly. Then he slowly tore off the form, and folding it up, as though in a fit of abstraction, placed it in his pocket. The words on it were clear enough.

"Dr. Burncastle, Llanfechan. The Pontreslin Bridge has been carried away. Do not come to-night, all is well."

. . . . . .

Out of the shadow of death came the light, and out of the storm a great peace and happiness into two lives.

Yet it was not till long afterwards that John Burncastle realised from what he had been saved that night. The revelation came in the dry report of the great engineer who inquired into the accident to the Pontreslin Bridge.

"It is my firm belief," wrote Sir Henry Loughton, "that the ironwork of the bridge was trembling in the balance for several hours before the actual disaster, and that the weight of a train would have at once precipitated the inevitable collapse of the structure." J. B. HARRIS-BURLAND.

CORRECTED PROVERBS—No. V.

"A SOFT ANSWER INVITETH WRATH"

TRAINING THE CAVALRY OFFICER IN ITALY

A student of the Tor di Quinto taking his horse down an almost perpendicular declivity

By Field, Stream & Covert.

Edited by the Hon. L. J. BATHURST

The Bicester Hunt

The Bicester and Warden Hill Hunt, to give its full and proper title, has now been in existence for one hundred and five years, Sir Thomas Mostyn being generally regarded as its founder. Prior to 1800, however, the country had already earned a reputation for sport, for the historic Mr. John Warde, of Squerries, had for twenty years or so hunted it with as much approach to regularity as was compatible with the demands of the rest of his territory, the said territory comprising most of Warwickshire. If famous for nothing else, the Bicester Hunt is illustrious as the training ground of a huge proportion of our leading Masters, for many of its fixtures are within easy distance of Oxford, and the presence of the undergraduates in the hunting field has always been heartily welcomed. As to the sport, it is probable that no country can boast of a higher average, consistently maintained, moreover, from the very beginning. Throughout the Bicester domains grass predominates; there are plenty of small coverts from which a gallop is all but assured, yet woodlands, where young hounds can be trained to perfection, are not wanting. Foxes are everywhere to be found in profusion, the hounds are first-rate, and there is seldom a crowd; it should be added that wire is entirely absent.

Famous Masters

From Sir Thomas Mostyn, who was an undeniable sportsman despite his indifference as to his hounds' muteness, down to the present *régime*, the Bicester has invariably been in the hands of able Masters, most of whom, indeed, have achieved greatness. Mr. Drake, who succeeded Sir Thomas, and his son, Mr. T. T. Drake, were great hound men, especially the former, whose pack was about the best of the period; between them they hunted the country for thirty-four years. Then Colonel Anstruther Thomson had the hounds for two seasons, and Lord North forsook his beloved Warwickshire for four seasons to hunt the Bicester country with marked success. Sir Algernon Peyton, one of the Mid-Victorian era's most distinguished sportsmen, acted as Master for a short space, and his family is still closely identified with the Hunt. Lord Valentia held sway for thirteen years before devoting himself entirely to politics, while Lord Chesham, who followed him, still further improved the pack during the eight brilliant seasons of his control. Each of his three successors,

The Bicester Foxhounds: The meet at Everley Village

The Bicester Pack off to draw after the meet at Everley Village

Mr. Colville Smith, Lord Cottenham, and the present Master, Mr. J. P. Heywood Lonsdale, entered on the duties of Mastership with all the enthusiasm of youth, so that the keenness which has ever characterised the Bicester executive has naturally never flagged.

More Changes

Though the widely deplored death of Mr. J. W. J. M. Paterson can hardly be said to create a vacancy in the Eskdaill country just across the Border, seeing that his son was gazetted as joint Master this season, the sad event removes from the list one of the most respected of northern Masters. The late Mr. Paterson first became M.F.H. in 1855, and, with only one interval of three seasons, continued in office to the end of his life. The Eskdaill Hunt is remarkable by reason of its uniform, which is dark grey, with a velvet collar, though the neighbouring Border Hunt is scarcely more pretentious with steel grey, worn in preference to the orthodox scarlet. In the Craven country there has always been a doubt whether Mr. de F. Pennefather's health would permit him to enter on the active duties of Mastership, and now news is to hand

Sir Algernon Peyton, Deputy-Master of the Bicester Foxhounds

THE BICESTER FOXHOUNDS: A LARGE FIELD MOVING OFF TO DRAW

of his resignation. The death of Mr. Lionel Barlow in 1902 necessitated the appointment of a committee to carry on the Craven Hunt, and so, in practice, it has remained ever since; but, luckily, the committee is a particularly able one. Another resignation is announced in the Badsworth country, where Mr. Brook is retiring after three seasons of good sport. Mr. Brook will be much missed, since he was as successful in his own country as in the Newmarket and Thurlow country, where he showed great sport throughout his single season.

Bad Foxes

For want of any other topic of importance during the aggravatingly variable weather of the present winter, the unenterprising character of the foxes in certain countries has been seized upon as a vehicle for words of wisdom on the part of more than one writer. The question why foxes have been running badly this season is, in most cases, solved easily enough, the answer being that the coverts have not been sufficiently cub-hunted. In the "fashionable" countries, whence the plaints chiefly emanate, the rarity of hounds finding stout, straight running foxes is, no doubt, ascribed correctly to an over plentiful supply, though it is incorrect to deduce any deterioration therefrom. The fact is, that in such countries, the coverts are drawn very frequently, and, this being so, the really wild old foxes know better than to remain in such easily discovered haunts, preferring to lie out in the fields or in such places as huntsmen, with sure finds awaiting them in professed fox-coverts, would not think of drawing. Consequently, hounds are always running young foxes that know no country. To attribute the badness of foxes to their constitutions being weakened by the mange seems rather far-fetched; either a fox is mangy or he is not, and the taint is sure to assert its presence far more forcibly than by mere pusillanimity.

Irish Notes

On the whole, matters may be said to have improved considerably of late in the Irish hunting field. The Meath have certainly not been in the best vein of luck, though they had a nice day from Virginia Road just before Christmas. The Tipperary, too, have been far from fortunate, some of their favourite coverts having failed to hold foxes; a forty minutes' ring from Rathkenny, on their Coleman Cross day, is all the news of sport to hand from this quarter. From elsewhere, however, there are tidings of great sport. The Duhallow, for instance, had a splendid hunt on Christmas Eve, when they met at Longueville, and finding at the Decoy Wood ran a seven-mile point by Kilpatrick and Ballythomas to Lohort and Knocknanuss, on the summit of which they killed their fox. Then the Limerick have been doing right well, with, among several other good things, a fine hunt from Maine, a six-mile point being made. The U. H. C., who had previously had a disappointing season, came out with a marvellous record of sport during the festive period. Two days before Christmas they had a fine forty minutes from Riverstown, Carberytown supplying the fox. On Boxing Day they ran for 1 hr. 10 mins. at a great pace from Templeboden Gorse, covering at least ten miles of country. Better still was their next day from Dundullerick, when hounds ran twelve miles or so in 1 hr. 40 mins., the fox finding safety at Kilshannig.

The Bicester Foxhounds: A juvenile follower being "blooded" after a kill at Mixbury

GOLF NOTES AND NOTIONS

AMATEURS OF 1904

A. Herd

My conscience has pricked me for omitting "Sandy" Herd from special mention among professionals of 1904. To omit one of the great "quadrumvirate," the man who won the Championship in 1902, and who has placed so many brilliant performances to his credit, seems a serious error. But "Sandy's" warmest admirer could not but sorrowfully admit that at Sandwich, this year, he was "sair to seek." His play since then has been much better, and more especially in the *News of the World* tournament, when he successively defeated Braid and Harry Vardon, and only succumbed to the ultimate winner, Taylor, in the semi-final, in a very close match, which, with a turn of luck, he might well have won. This shows pretty conclusively that Herd had regained his form, and we may, therefore, hope that this year will show him at his best.

Amateurs in 1904

Having, I hope, made good my serious omission respecting a great player, I feel free now to turn my undivided attention to the amateur division. The first place must, I think, by common consent, be assigned to Mr. "Jack" Graham, who, by his brilliant performances in the St. George's Vase Competition and in the Open Championship, proved himself head and shoulders above any other amateur. His two scores, 78 and 76, for the St. George's Vase, were, under the circumstances of length of course and weather conditions, perhaps, even more praiseworthy than his Championship scores, brilliant as they were. What appears difficult to reconcile with his brilliant scoring play, both before and after the Amateur Championship, is his poor showing in the latter event. He went down an easy victim to Mr. Maxwell, and from start to finish in that match played conspicucusly below form. He seems, for the moment, to have taken up the mantle of inequality, as between scoring and match play, which so long adorned the shoulders of Mr. H. H. Hilton, and which prevented that player from winning the Amateur Championship till many weary years had elapsed after his first, and even his second, capture of the Open Championship. Mr. Graham has in him the capacity of emulating either Mr. Hilton's performance by winning the Open before the Amateur event, or Mr. Ball's hitherto unrivalled feat of annexing both prizes in one year.

Mr. W. J. Travis

So much has been written about Mr. Travis, not only by myself, but by other and more gifted pens, that nothing more remains to be said about that great player. I will confine myself, therefore, to congratulating him once more on his great victory, and to expressing my sincere hope that he will think better of his reported decision not to compete this year.

Mr. Horace Hutchinson

Next to Mr. Graham I shall make bold to place Mr. Hutchinson as the amateur who distinguished himself most at Sandwich. His play throughout the Amateur Championship was astonishingly good. I say "astonishingly" advisedly, for we must remember that his name figures as the winner of the first two Championships in 1886 and 1887. He was playing even better this year than last, for his driving had gained greatly in length without losing anything in direction and accuracy. His defeat by Mr. Travis may quite fairly be attributed to the strain of the morning tussle with Mr. Maxwell, a truly Homeric conflict, only decided at the nineteenth hole. He seems to me to be playing a finer game than ever, and may yet inscribe his name once more on the list of Amateur Champions.

Mr. R. Maxwell

1904 was not Mr. Maxwell's year. Neither at Sandwich nor since has he shown that consistent and superb form which made him so unapproachable in the preceding year. Let us hope that this may prove only a temporary lapse from grace, and that he will recover all his form this year.

Mr. "Ted" Blackwell

Mr. Blackwell delighted all his friends (and who shall try to number them) by playing himself into the final at Sandwich. Although he failed to stem the American invasion, he made a gallant fight, and showed that his pluck is as great as his powers of smiting. What a magnificent player he is to watch. His swing is the consummate combination of force and science. Is it not recorded that one delighted beholder of his tee shot called to his friend and insisted on his watching the man "who puts everything, even his eyebrows," into his stroke? Space precludes me from doing more than mentioning Mr. Worthington, who made a great advance in reputation by his performance in the Open Championship, and later on by winning the Irish Championship; Mr. Norman Hunter, who won the Autumn Medal at St. Andrews with the glorious score of 74, and Mr. Osmund Scott and Mr. Barry, who practically tied with a 75 in that competition. These three last players seem to carry the hopes of the younger division among them.

Ernest Lehmann

TOBOGGANING for BEGINNERS

Photo by *Ballance*

On the Village Run, St. Moritz: A lady takes the first corner too high

TO attempt to explain tobogganing from any logical basis, is absurd. Tobogganing itself is absurd. It glories in being absurd. But it is an absurdity which drags regiments of sportsmen and sportswomen to the Alps every winter as surely as the magnetic pole attracts the compass needle; an absurdity which annually extracts thousands of pounds from the pockets of the said enthusiasts and transfers them to those of hotel-keepers; an absurdity which has wakened a dozen townships in Eastern Switzerland out of hibernating somnolence to an activity as great as was hitherto confined to the August tourist season. An absurdity, in fact, which Society now reckons with as seriously as it reckons with Bridge or the automobile.

Wherein lies the peculiar fascination of descending at forty miles an hour, and at the risk of a broken leg, a slope which must immediately afterwards be re-ascended with immense pains at half-a-mile an hour? Why this mad lust for haste in reaching the foot of a hill when a toilsome climb back to its summit is one's sole reward? It is impossible to elucidate. The thing, once tried, is irresistible, all the same; and there's an end of it. The only way of confuting the arguments of the scoffer at tobogganing is to plant him on a toboggan himself, and shove him off down a run. He will not ask for any more convincing after that. He will find that his sneers were due to pure ignorance; that what, in his *blasé*, grown-up superiority he dubbed "childish," is actually one of the most exquisite and subtle of the sensations which Providence has bestowed upon mortals to appreciate; that the apparently easy is in reality beset with problems of the most brain-searching difficulty; that what he thought simply reckless folly is reducible to the exactest mathematics.

To defend tobogganing's theory and practice (oh! yes, tobogganing has a "theory," as you may discover by referring to certain voluminous text-books!) at this late period of the day is, however, needless. People are at last realising that tobogganing does not consist solely in sitting tight and "waiting till you get there," as one would do on an Earl's Court switch-back, or the Crystal Palace loop, or even on a Canadian ice-shoot. Tobogganing is now admittedly a Sport. And when we, as a nation, begin to call a thing a Sport, and spell it with a capital S—well, that thing, whatever it is, has come to stay, as the Yankee would phrase it.

St. Moritz always has, and always will be, the Mecca of the tobogganer. Like the Mecca of the pilgrim, too, it once was by no means easy to reach. A ten hours' sleigh drive—in an open and springless sleigh, mind you; not one of those be-furred and dashing equipages we are accustomed to connect with the mental idea of the Nevski Prospekt and escaping nihilists—is no joke, when one has to traverse an almost trackless seven-thousand-feet-high pass in a blizzard. This trifling drawback, however, prevented no true tobogganer from yearly repairing, every January, to his beloved Engadin. Fortunately, the Rhaetian Railway has now burrowed through the mountains of the Albula; and one may leave Charing Cross to-day at two p.m. and glide gaily into St. Moritz "station" (how strange the word sounds!) at seven o'clock to-morrow evening. Which, unless I am very much mistaken, will turn out to be a better stroke of business for St. Moritz than certain selfish pessimists are at present willing to admit. It is all very well for the wealthy idler to deplore the "spoiling" of his retreat by the inroad of the locomotive. There exist plenty of sportsmen—sportsmen in the truest sense of the word—to whom a whole day saved on a journey makes a vast amount of difference.

A great many eyes, therefore, are turned towards

St. Moritz this year which have in the past been compelled to aspire to Davos, Grindelwald, and Caux alone, because of their accessibility. I say this in no spirit of depreciation of these places. There are plenty of Alpine winter resorts as delightful, and as attractive to the all-round sportsman, as St. Moritz. Davos justly claims to be foremost in road-tobogganing, by reason of its ownership of the famous "Klosters Course"; Grindelwald is coming to the front in curling; Arosa in bob-sleighing (of which more anon); Adelboden in ski-ing; Caux and Château d'Oex in milder lugeing and meadow sledding; and even Innsbruck is beginning to lay claim to be a skater's paradise. But to find tobogganing carried to the highest pitch of skill and enthusiasm, you must go to St. Moritz: there is no doubt of that. The Cresta is unique and ——

But the Cresta must have an article to itself, I think. At present space compels me to confine myself to a less stirring theme—namely, the St. Moritz "Village Run"—at one time impolitely nicknamed the "Duffers'."

The Village Run is constructed upon a steep by-road, which connects St. Moritz Dorf, on the hill-top, with St. Moritz Bad, the dreary jumble of shuttered summer hotels which lie in the sunless valley bottom. Its summit is a stone's-throw from the main street of the place; and, by stepping aside from one's hopping, one may immediately find oneself a spectator of the more or less edifying antics of the tobogganing tyro, in all his glory of white sweater, helmet cap, elbow pads, and steel toe-rakes. But the Village Run, though essentially the tyro's, is by no means to be sneezed at. Many a gallant champion deigns to take a course or two here; and on some days the problem of reaching the bottom without a spill is by no means an easy one. There are corners on the Village Run which tax the ingenuity, and the nerve, of the most experienced. The angles, of course, are banked high with hard-beaten, ice-coated snow; but this does not mean that a toboggan, left to its own devices, would get round without a spill. Its rider has to learn, by bitter experience, the curve at which he must take each turn, and the speed. Be the speed too great, he will leap the bank—with the most disagreeable results to himself and the fence; not to mention the onlookers. Or, if he round corner number one with too wide a sweep, it means that he will correspondingly be swung up too high on the opposite corner number two, and probably topple over altogether. The entire descent, indeed, is beset with exciting problems and pitfalls; and if by the close of a season the tyro can honestly say that he has mastered the Village Run he has done something to be proud of. Each corner, each bank, each stretch of "straight," has its own peculiarities. Not only so, but these peculiarities vary in varying weather. A sunny day will slightly soften the bank that faces south, while leaving the north one hard: with the result that the two must be negotiated quite differently. A sprinkling of snow will cause one side of the straight to be perceptibly "slower" than the other—and the knowing man takes advantage of this, and, maybe, wins the race by his saved two seconds. Even the seemingly microscopical wear-and-tear of the course by the passage of

Photo by *Ballance*

A beginner taking a corner in good style at St. Moritz

Tobogganing on the "Village Run" is practised in two styles—Swiss and American. In the first, the tobogganer sits on his sled, which is usually constructed of wood; in the second, he lies face downwards, as shown in our illustration, and uses an American steel frame toboggan. It is unnecessary to remark which is the most exciting!

a number of toboggans one after the other, is a detail to be counted upon. All of which goes to make the Village Run an ideal tra'n'ng-ground for the mighty Cresta—in much the same way that at Davos the Stable Run is the obvious and natural training-ground for the lengthy and complicated Klosters Course.

Tobogganing on the Village Run is of two kinds, "Swiss" and "American." In the former, the rider sits on his machine; in the latter, he lies upon it face downwards, "sniffing at the snow," as a ribald poet of the *Davos Courier* once had it. The Swiss method has the merit of extreme antiquity; for it is thus that the mountaineers have been accustomed to convey themselves from place to place since time immemorial. The children of the Alps can ride *han'schlitten*, as they are called (or *luges* in the south), almost before they can walk. The village postman distributes his letters with the aid of a sled, on which he seats himself whenever he comes to a downward slope. The grocer's boy takes round his parcels on a sled. The nursemaid airs her baby on a sled. Everybody, high and low, takes out his sled whenever he goes a walk as naturally as he takes out his coat and hat. With the not unnatural result that Swiss style tobogganing has reached a perfection which is little short of marvellous.

That perfection, however, displays itself not so much in speed as in balancing. The American steel-frame toboggan was therefore introduced, and has now nearly ousted the Swiss wooden machine from its former unassailable position. At Davos, thanks to the encouragement given to the perfecting of Swiss tobogganing by the late J. Addington Symonds (who founded an annual race limited to Swiss machines alone), it is still "going strong"; but at St. Moritz it is held in less esteem. Even on the Village Run—which once witnessed a race between two gentlemen on hobby horses—the dreadfully scientific and business-like skeleton, as the American toboggan is gruesomely dubbed, has almost entirely replaced the *handschlitten*. In few Village Run races are the latter actually debarred by the entrance rules. Their inferiority in speed is, nevertheless, killing them off as effectively as any club legislation could do.

The tobogganing beginner, therefore, should start to master the skeleton and its vagaries from the very outset, if he wishes eventually to take a position in the first rank of the exponents of the sport. No one who has tried head-first tobogganing will ever return with any enthusiasm to the sitting posture—unless weak lungs force him to do so. There is all the difference between the swoop of an American skeleton and the clumsy slither of a wooden Swiss sled that there is between the sensation of diving into water and merely jumping in feet foremost.

Learn American style tobogganing on the St. Moritz Village Run, then, and I warrant you will soon be itching to have a try at the Cresta—the

Photo by *Balance*

The Village Run at St. Moritz: Safely round the first corner

Although the "Village Run" is the haunt of tyros at the sport, there are corners on it which tax the ingenuity and nerve of the most experienced, and the entire descent is beset with exciting problems and pitfalls

The Village Run, St. Moritz: Practising in "the straight"

This piece of straight running comes after the second corner, and it is here that the beginner gains confidence enough to "let her go!"

indescribable, the unspeakable, the thrilling Cresta, of which, next week, I hope to give a short account, although it must sorrowfully be admitted that words fail to give any idea of the wonders of this, the chiefest glory of Engadin sport.

WARD MUIR.

Photos by *Ballance*

The lower part of the Village Run at St. Moritz

Having mastered the "Village Run," or the "Duffers'," as it is somewhat impolitely called, the tyro can safely venture to tackle the famous Cresta Course, and the equally famous Klosters Course at Davos, the Mecca and Medina of all true tobogganers

Rugby Football: Fettesian-Lorettonians on Tour

THE SCHOOLS DEFEAT RICHMOND BY EIGHT POINTS TO NIL

There is no pastime in which public-school athletic training plays a more important part than in Rugby football, and it is equally certain that there are no two schools which produce so many brilliant exponents of that game as Fettes and Loretto, a combination of whose past and present pupils has recently enjoyed so successful a tour in England. On far too many occasions, the Fettesian-Lorettonians have crossed the border only to find their arrangements vetoed by the weather; but, this season, they have been favoured with delightful conditions, and have shown their appreciation of the fact by playing some of the best football in the history of the club. Their match against Richmond, at the Richmond Athletic Ground, on Saturday, did not produce a great deal of that open three-quarter-back play which is beloved of the Welsh footballer, but, as a game between two teams of young and vigorous British athletes, it was worth going a long way to see. The Schools won by a goal and a try to nothing, and, as two days earlier they had beaten Leicester by two goals and two tries to nothing, they may be said to have maintained the glories of a famous club.

Photo exclusive to *"The Bystander"*

Fettesian-Lorettonians v. Richmond: In the loose

One of the features of the match at Richmond was the play of S. Horsley, the Schools' full-back. He did not make a mistake worth mentioning, and, on several occasions, he retrieved errors by his *confrères* in a manner which stamped him as a defender of the highest class. His fielding was perfect, and his kicking was of a length and direction seldom equalled since the days of J. F. Byrne. Horsley is qualified to play for England, and it would not be surprising to find him selected. On his latest form, he is the best full-back in the country. At three-quarter, the Schools were equally strong. K. G. McLeod gave a splendid display, kicking with rare judgment, and doing many things which showed that he had an eye for contingencies. He made one particularly skilful cross-kick, which enabled Schultz to run in with an apparent try, but the referee called the ball back—seemingly because one of the Richmond players knocked-on just before Schultz obtained possession. It looked a perfectly legitimate try. K. G. McLeod and J. Burt-Marshall are still at Fettes, and they are just about as fine a pair of three-quarters as one would find in any public school fifteen. They are going up to Cambridge shortly.

It was noticeable that, although the Fettesian-Lorettonian forwards had none the better of the argument in the tight, especially in the first half, they generally took a scrum in preference to a line-out. In loose rushes, the School forwards were splendid. W. P. Scott was, perhaps, the pick of a fine lot; he led many dashes in great style, and was invariably in the van. The Richmond halves, W. V. Butcher and P. S. Hancock, of International fame, had rather more chances than the rival pair, partly because their own forwards showed a deal of skill in getting the ball out of the scrum, and partly on account of the Schools' apparent determination to keep the play tight. Still, G. Joannides (who was tried for Cambridge this season) and G. Turner (of the Royal Military College fifteen) fully held their own, the former being particularly quick on the ball. In the loose, the Richmond forwards were not the equals of their rivals. At three-quarter, the home club was by no means weak, but the defence of the visitors was very sound. Finer tackling one could not wish to see. Altogether, the Schools thoroughly deserved their victory; they were a very clever and very dashing side.

Photo exclusive to *"The Bystander"*

Fettesian-Lorettonians v. Richmond: A Richmond three-quarter lets the ball pass

AUTOMOBILE TOPICS.

Trials in India

The Delhi-Bombay motor trials came to a successful conclusion last week. Twenty-one cars finished, and mechanical troubles were practically absent. Tyre troubles were, however, unusually numerous. A 6 h.-p. Wolseley, and a 12 h.-p. Darracq, distinguished themselves, covering the whole distance without a stop. A De Dietrich car won the Gaekwar's Cup; and a little Speedwell, the cup given by the Maharajah of Gwalior for economical running. The trophy for the car finishing in the best condition was captured by a De Dion; the Nawab of Rampur's trophy for the absence of noise and vibration was awarded to a Fiat car; while the *Times of India* prize went to the Wolseley.

Good Luck to the 12 h.-p. Siddeley

A long-distance reliability trial, under the supervision of the Automobile Club, commenced on Monday, January 2, and will continue for thirty days, during which period the 12 h.-p. Siddeley car will endeavour to cover 5,000 miles. The trial is intended to prove to the public that a British-built 12 h.-p. car of moderate price can beat the record of the 20 h.-p. Martini, which recently covered 4,000 miles in a creditable manner. A daily trip (Sundays excepted) of about 180 miles will be carried out, and official observers appointed by the Automobile Club will register every involuntary stop and its cause, whilst the consumption of petrol and water will be duly recorded.

Winter Motoring

A bright, cold December day brings out far too few motorists. Motoring, two Sundays ago, on a route usually frequented, I hardly saw a car. Why is it? What's the matter with a fine winter's day? Those motorists who pay attention to the articles in the motor papers and "lay up their car for the winter," lose many a good day's travelling. But you must wear the right things; you must keep warm — cold hands and cold feet bring misery. The case of the passenger presents little difficulty — they have foot muffs, hand muffs, all sorts of muffs, they can roll themselves in rugs, become shapeless bundles in the tonneau, and enjoy the exhilarating rush through the keen air. The driver, however, is different; he must have the free use of his hands and feet.

Messieurs Brasier and Thery running over the 1905 Gordon-Bennett Cup course

Photo by *Topical Agency*

The 12 h.-p. Siddeley Car starting from the Automobile Club Garage for a 5,000 miles reliability trial

Norwegian Boots

Rugs are a nuisance to a driver, and they fail to keep his toes warm. A year ago I obtained a pair of long, fur-lined Norwegian boots. They are light, easily put on, you wear them over your ordinary boots, you can walk in them, and they really keep your feet warm. Made to measure, they cost about £3 10*s*., but they are efficient, and wear so well that I can thoroughly recommend all motorists who drive in winter time to go to Lovegroves, Piccadilly, who make a speciality of them, and get a pair.

Warm Gloves

To keep one's hands warm when driving an open car is really difficult. Gloves that we buy are either thin and cold, or they are so thick that they stop easy movement of the taps, and prevent you getting a comfortable grasp of the steering wheel and hand-brake. At my suggestion, Lovegroves are putting on the market a type of cheap, strong, warm glove that I have tested severely. The leather is tanned with the wool on; there is no lining, the fleece itself being next to the hand, and the leather outside treated in such a way that it will stand any sort of weather and much hard wear. The outside of the glove purposely has a rough surface to ensure a good grip. The leather being undyed, the gloves are not exactly beautiful to look at, but they are efficient, and the price is only 3*s*. 6*d*.

The De Dion License Question

One of the paragraphs in the Paris Motor Show Supplement, which appeared in December, dealt with the new De Dion-Bouton types. In connection with these famous cars the proprietor of the Lancaster Motor Garage offered to supply my readers at special prices. The price, for instance, that the Lancaster Garage ask for a 6 h.-p. De Dion is £185 complete, while the De Dion-Bouton Company, of Great Marlborough Street, ask £200 (without extras) for what appears to be the same car. I made further enquiries, ascertaining that Lamplough's (a firm of good repute) were doing the body work for the Lancaster Motor Garage, and that there were no extras. I decided that it would be to the advantage of possible purchasers if I mentioned the Lancaster Motor Garage in connection with the De Dion cars. This produced the following polite protest from Mr. Stocks, the manager of the De Dion Company.

Re De Dion-Bouton Motor-cars

January 3, 1905.

Dear Sir,—Referring to your report of the De Dion exhibit, appearing on page 7 of The Bystander, under date of December 21, the statement made in regard to the Lancaster Motor Garage being in a position to supply De Dion cars is true up to a point, but the fact remains that such cars are imported into this country through indirect channels, are not licensed for use here, and the owners of same are at any time liable to an action at law for infringement. We understand that during the coming year the owners of the patents will be taking action against practically every solvent user or seller of an unlicensed De Dion car in this country.

Now that we have created a demand for De Dion cars, some people desire to reap where we have sown without contributing towards the expense in any way. It does not seem fair that our goodwill should be taken advantage of by individuals who purchase these cars from foreign agents of the manufacturers, and import them into this country illegitimately.

Yours faithfully, De Dion Bouton (Ltd.).

Sole legally authorised representatives of Messrs. De Dion-Bouton et Cie., of Puteaux, Seine, for the United Kingdom and all British Colonies and Dependencies.

J. W. Stocks, Manager.

I referred the question of license on De Dion cars to the Lancaster Motor Garage, from whom I have received the following reply :

January 3, 1905.

DEAR SIR,—As the question of the so-called license (!) for these cars has never, to my knowlege, been properly threshed out in the Press, I should be glad if you can find room for this letter.

The "authorised representatives" advertise largely that "*It should be clearly understood that our stock, staff, and experience are at the service of buyers of licensed* (!) *De Dion-Bouton Vehicles only.*" Bearing in mind the fact that one can only buy "Licensed" (!) De Dion cars from Messrs. De Dion-Bouton, Limited, what is the unfortunate individual, living in England, who buys a De Dion car from, say, his own brother in Paris, or anywhere else outside the British Possessions, and brings it over to England, to do? He did not buy it from the "authorised representatives" in London, and, consequently, they will have nothing whatever to do with him, and, should he at any time require a new part, or advice, they absolutely refuse to assist him. Consequently, through no fault of his own, he is stranded, probably on the roadside, until he can get a new part specially made at a greatly increased cost. On the other hand, we are willing and anxious to advise and deal with any and everybody, and at more reasonable prices. Trade monopoly is dangerous and ruinous, and, by keeping up a healthy competition, we are assisting both the public and the motor trade generally.

As regards our inability to advise those in trouble, and carry out repairs or alterations of all descriptions, the fact that the writer was for some years manager of the fitting and repairs department at Messrs. De Dion-Bouton, Limited, which position he resigned of his own accord, is sufficient guarantee that the requirements of our clients will receive competent and reliable attention.

In the ordinary course of business we find we have a ready sale for new GENUINE De Dion-Bouton Cars of all sizes, and it naturally follows that we keep a good stock of the latest models, which, as already stated, we are prepared to sell at low and reasonable prices, which leave us an equally reasonable profit.

We must apologise for occupying so much of your valuable space, but the matter being, to all intents and purposes, a public one, we trust you will be able to find room to publish this correspondence.

Thanking you, we remain, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

For the LANCASTER MOTOR GARAGE,

A. F. KING, Manager.

The following are the entries for the British elimination trials—to decide on the three cars which are to represent England in the coming Gordon-Bennett race :

Car.	Driver.
100 h.-p. six-cylinder Napier ...	A. Macdonald.
80 h.-p. Napier	C. Edge.
80 h.-p. Napier	C. Earp.
80 h.-p. Napier	J. Hargreaves.
90 h.-p. Wolseley	S. Girling.
90 h.-p. Wolseley	—
100 h.-p. Star	J. Lisle, Jun.
100 h.-p. Star	—
100 h.-p. Siddeley	—
100 h.-p. Darracq	A. Rawlinson.

A pair of fur motor boots designed by Lovegroves, Piccadilly

POINTS

If the Bishop of London, who now spends £900 a year on his carriages and horses, was to buy a car, he would save money.

* * *

A case is to be stated to decide whether a conviction for exceeding the limit in the Royal parks should be endorsed on the motorist's license. The offence comes under the Parks Regulation Act, 1872, and is not one at common law.

* * *

The Motor Union are going to appeal against the decision of the Barnet magistrates. These wise men recently decided that to give warning of a police trap is equivalent to obstructing the police in the performance of their duty.

* * *

Personally I only give my readers warning of police traps in order to lighten the labours of the police. To hinder them in the performance of their duty is a thing no one would wish to do.

Do We Believe?

Owing to the fog, wet weather, and the Paris Salon, I discontinued my usual police notes. Feeling, no doubt, neglected, the police became quite sensational and bagged a Bishop! A real live Bishop! They caught the occupant of the Episcopal See of Winchester near Farnham. In court, like many another motorist, the Bishop, his chaplain, and the chauffeur, all declared that the car was not being driven in a dangerous manner. Did the beaks believe ?—not a bit of it; they fined the Bishop! Let this be a warning to all who drive, what an *eminent* divine has christened, "those engines of Satan." Remember that:

YOU WILL NOT BE BELIEVED

So go slow through Alton, near Winchester.

Through Brentford, on the Bath Road.

Through Kingston.

Past Paines Hill Bridge, just beyond Cobham.

Approaching the Hut Hotel, on the Ripley Road (Sergeant Jarrett is moving his pitch).

Alfred C. Hunter.

Photo by *Lallie Charles*

Miss Dorothy Drake

Now playing in *Peggy Machree* at Wyndham's Theatre

RIVAL CHINESE MAGICIANS

The Amenities between Chung Ling Soo at the Hippodrome and Ching Ling Foo at the Empire

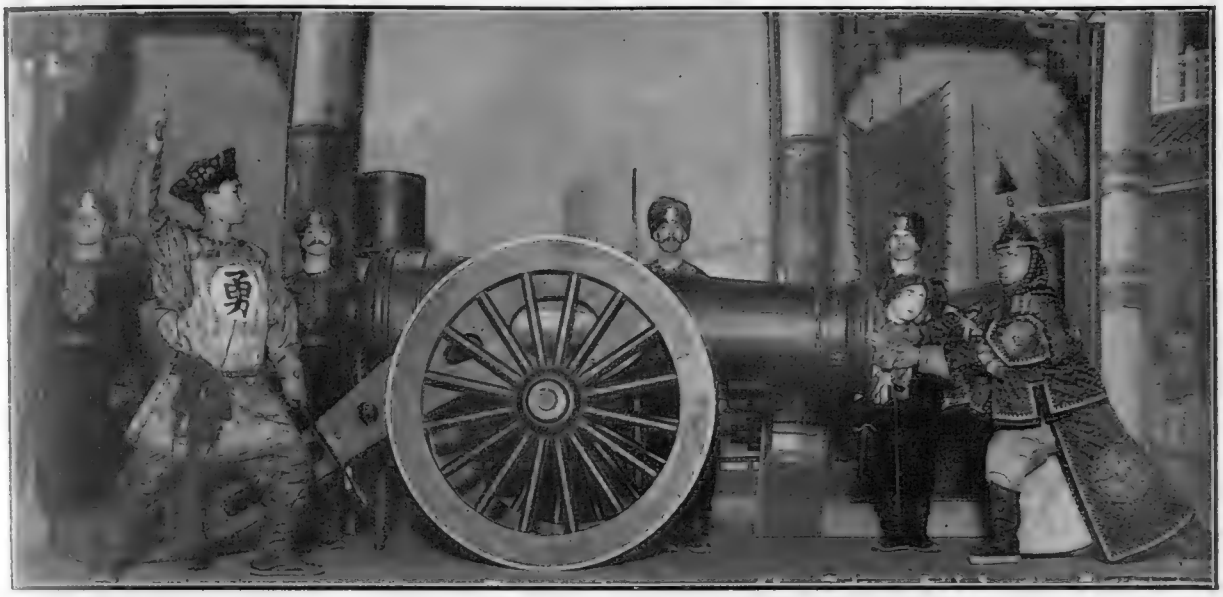

Photo by *Campbell-Gray*

At the Hippodrome: Chung Ling Soo, whom his rival declares to be a Scotch-American!

The picture shows Chung Ling Soo putting his wife into a cannon; the gun is turned towards the audience and a cannon ball put in; the gun is fired, the cannon ball comes out, but his wife has entirely disappeared from the gun, and appears in the front of the house among the audience

Photo by *Biograph Studio*

At the Empire: Ching Ling Foo, who claims to be the original and accredited Chinese magician

Ching Ling Foo was an interested spectator the other evening at the Hippodrome when the tricks of his rival were being prepared. The outcome of his visit was a challenge to Chung Ling Soo

A Woman's Pocket Book

Some Queries—and An Answer

"Men could not possibly manage the business of the world if they showed the utter lack of tact of most women with their own sex." With this bold passage in an article on "Tactful Women" in the *Queen*, by Mrs. Hylton Dale, I am inclined to agree. Women, it is true, have long regarded tact as their own special virtue, but to firm believers in this creed I put these suggestive queries and supply the answers. Who cannot "get on" with other people? Who is "rubbed up the wrong way" by friends? Who quarrels about trifles? Who feels and *shows* small envies over dress, appearance, possessions? Who puts personal affairs first, and cannot bother to attend to the worries and woes of others? Alas! it is woman.

Woman's Want of Frankness

To deal with the first query—one reason why women do not "get on" satisfactorily with their own sex is their want of frankness. Men are much more frank with one another; yet they do not offend so often. Now, this is perfectly intelligible, if we would but recollect that frankness and tact are not incompatible, since tact is merely *understanding* the capability of putting oneself in another's place, and entering into their point of view, while forgetting personal prejudices. It is easy, therefore, to see that, once we understand, we may also speak with much more freedom. Women are hedged round by formalities which forbid this desirable frankness. You dare not tell your friend she has called at an inconvenient hour, that she must wait while you write a letter, that she has made any little mistake, that you do not like her new hat; and the consequent irritation which you cannot help showing over these restrictions makes social intercourse a failure. Another insane habit which women have—I can call it nothing less than insane—is to cling from mere conventionality to acquaintanceships which are boring and a waste of time on both sides, and are incapable of giving either profit or pleasure. Since we have only leisure for a certain number of friends, an intelligent person should find a selection not only reasonable, but necessary. Was there ever a woman, I wonder, who, after a fair trial, would say to an acquaintance: "I really cannot stand this relationship any longer, and I am sure you cannot either." I should like to know such a plucky person. Our code of manners requires altering—or better still, were it consigned to the depths of the sea and social intercourse carried on through tactfulness alone, guided by feeling and intelligence.

Are French Women more Tactful than English Women?

Mrs. Hylton Dale thinks French women are more tactful than English women, and gives us an animated picture of the *savoir faire* exhibited by the hostesses of the eighteenth century *salons*. They *may* be more tactful. I doubt it. French women are undeniably charming, but charm is not to be confounded with tact, though it bears a superficial resemblance, for charm is a thing which we can (reluctantly) do without; but tact is a necessity of our every-day existence. Then we have a comparison in which French tactfulness is attributed to warm-heartedness, while *we* are spoken of as "the colder race of Saxon women." Now, this is nothing more or less than a libel upon us, against which the "Saxon" feels bound to protest. We are *not* cold, nor is our national dislike to impulsive ebullitions of feeling any sign that feeling itself does not exist. As a matter of fact, the impetuosity of the Latin peoples cannot appeal to us, and however suited to themselves, it would be mere tactlessness on our part should we attempt to address our fellow-countrymen by their methods and manners. I think we may fairly affirm that this virtue of tact, which is not due to mere impulse, but rather the reverse, belongs at least equally to our own nation, while frankly conceding charm and fascination to our French sisters. LADY PHYLLIS.

The Cruiser "Essex," on which the Duke of Connaught is making his tour in the Mediterranean

Frocks, Frills and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

Sales monopolise the whole situation, and, although the majority started operations on the 2nd inst., the real fun of the fair is only now commencing in earnest. It is one of the small ironies of life that these tempting January clearances should come at a moment when, according to tradition, we should be vowing all manner of dutiful resolutions in the way of economy. But, in many ways, the opening of the year, when you come to consider, is a irony, and how anyone can regard its advent cheerfully is more than we can imagine, with every imaginable inconvenience in the shape of rates and taxes to face.

The privileges of being accounted a recognised member of civilised society become every year more and more exacting, the increasing prevalence and heaviness of taxes, and proportionate decrease of incomes, rendering life one long nightmare of impossible arithmetic. And when, on the top of everything, there come the sales, then, indeed, is our cup of grief full to overflowing.

So runs the spirit of our discourse in the calmer moments of reflection, though these scruples fly as the leaves before a storm, once we are caught up on the exciting whirlwind of ravishing remnants and bewildering bargains.

The One Indispensable Thing

Someone remarked in our hearing the other day—very happily, we thought—that visiting Marshall and Snelgrove's was commensurate with putting your money in the Bank of England. It was a graceful compliment, and it recurred to us, as we stood over that irresistible counter of silks — always a great speciality of this old-established Oxford Street house, and more so than ever during the sale. Foremost among the covetable treasures are some coloured Duchesse satins, ranging in price from 2*s.* 9*d.* to 4*s.* 11*d.*, in every case half the original cost price, also is there a perfectly wonderful chiffon velvet at 4*s.* 6*d.* Then no woman, who is wise, ever neglects the opportunity of laying in some lengths of Marshall's well-known taffeta, for petticoats and foundations, which during the sale has a commencing price of 1*s.* 7*d.*, this being a real concession, made in order to lessen the overwhelming stock it is necessary to hold during the season. This year, also, there chances to be a large surplus of black silks, including plain and fancy taffetas, satin stripes, *poult de soie*, etc. The shorter dress lengths of black taffeta mousseline, we may advise, are just the bargains to lay up for the smart, picturesque Redingote, about which we shall have much to say in the near future for early spring wear.

At the Vere Street entrance, the reductions are of startling liberality, this home of the best chiffons in the Universe having an unblemished character to maintain for pioneering the always desirable novelty. A special plea is made by a soft *faille* ribbon in seventy shades, also black, white, and cream—these last ever a severe test of quality—reduced to 1*s.* per yard, the same price holding good of a new twill shot satin ribbon, a rich *armure* and a reversible *ombré*, while a simply lovely printed sash ribbon, ten inches wide, is only 9*d.* per yard.

And we have the very strongest premonition, Ambrosine and I, that sashes—real and assertive, not mere wisps of tulle — are an assured detail, shadowing the *Directoire* coat. Then just a final word respecting a certain crêpe-de-Chine, forty-four inches wide, of British manufacture, in white, cream, and all the prevailing delicate tints, only 3*s.* 11*d.* and 4*s.* 11*d.* per yard.

Out of this we have, in imagination, evolved an evening gown, which our artist has pictured in delightful fashion. The soft treatment of the skirt is peculiarly seductive, the upper fold or flounce being set on with a narrow *bouillonnée* of the crêpe, and all the fulness at the waist laid into the finest, closest tucks imaginable. An immensely distinctive feature, also, is the *pèlerine berthé* arrangement, with basque of Chiné silk, wherein a soft blend of pale pinks and greens melt into a ground of ivory, only a scintillation deeper than the tone of the crêpe. And about the edge of this *berthé*, and again outlining the *décolletage*, also the little turned-up cuff to the short, puffed sleeves, is run a full, but *bébé*, *ruche* of pastel green chiffon, while a narrow belt of dull gold galon defines the waist.

The hem of the skirt, both inside and out, to the height of the lowest flounce, reveals a delicious *frou-frou* of green and white *plissé* chiffon.

A New Cult in Coiffures

The supreme efforts of our lives is to create a naturalness of effect. Or rather, that end will be the aim of the skilled *coiffeurs*, who guard our well-being in this regard. Discussing the situation with M. Nicol, of the Maison Nicol, 50, Haymarket, we were speedily interested in the new *en tout cas* transformation, or *toupet*, a divisible or self-dividing

A design for an Evening Gown made of white crêpe-de-Chiné, purchased at Marshall and Snelgrove's sale

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affair of inestimable value to the prescribed new *régime*. The hard, set conventional pompadour is altogether a thing of the past, while the draped *toupet* is unmentionable in polite society—the *demi-monde* having irretrievably vulgarised that always more or less doubtful vogue. The forward droop—diametrically opposed as that is to the style now promised us—is yet directly responsible for the natural craze that has come upon us since the leading exponents effected the requisite *negligée*, without the assistance of the variously styled *plongeuse*, Marie Stuart or dip torpedo frames. On the lightness and naturalness of the dip pompadour rested—already one is disposed to deal with it in the past tense—the whole success of a style, that at its best only received a half-hearted appreciation on these shores.

However, that which is to be is replete with becoming possibilities, light, soft *poufs* or curls, piled discreetly one above the other, with here and there a small stray tendril to break the hard lines around the face. That this is a development of the large, loose wave, which has, for quite a year now, replaced the close, symmetrical *ondulé*, is too obvious to be denied, and the chances of its correct development, under the versatile auspices of the *en tout cas* transformation, a thing equally beyond all shadow of doubt.

As to the *arrière* aspect, that is largely a matter of choice or necessity, though the tendency to picturesque Greuze groupings of unstudied curls at the summit of the head falls most sympathetically into the modish mood of the moment.

"Fuo"—What Is It?

Without preamble, we will tell you. "Fuo" is one of the most pleasant dentifrices ever produced. As a very highly concentrated concoction, a few drops suffice; consequently, it may be said to possess the further virtue of economy. Possibly travellers on the Continent may recognise it under its original title of "Vade-Mecum." But, under any title, it is a toilet necessity that deserves to be known and put in use with all speed.

The Menu

A FEW DISHES FOR SUNDAY SUPPERS

The dishes, of which I am giving the recipes below, are suggestions for Sunday night supper, which (as it may probably be the cook's evening out) can all be prepared the day before, and heated up by the parlourmaid or whoever is in charge of the household.

POTAGE À LA PALESTINE

Two pounds of artichokes, three pints of milk, 2 oz. of butter, quarter of a pint of cream. Peel and slice the artichokes, keeping them in cold water until required, or they will turn a bad colour. Melt the butter in a stewpan, put in the artichokes, and sauté them well, then add the milk, and flavour carefully. Cook gently until tender, then rub through a sieve, return the purée to the saucepan, add the cream, and stir until it boils; thicken with a tablespoonful or arrowroot or flour, mixed with a little cold milk. Serve with fried bread. The cream can be omitted if too expensive.

VOL-AU-VENT OF GAME OR POULTRY

Take some cold game, turkey, or chicken, and cut into small dice. Take about a gill of good stock made from the trimmings of the game, and seasoned with pepper and a suspicion of nutmeg. Put the meat into this with a gill of cream or milk, ½ oz. butter, and a ¼ lb. of mushrooms, chopped small. Stir until it boils, and gradually thickens. Whilst cooking the game, a pie-dish should have been lined with short crust and baked. Pour in the mixture, garnish and serve.

CHICKEN EN CASSEROLE

A fowl, slices of bacon, carrots, onions, a blade of mace, peppercorns, and salt. Truss the fowl for boiling, and put it breast downwards into an earthenware stewpan, lined with slices of bacon. Allow this to fry a little; then add the giblets, a pint of cold water, a carrot, an onion, a blade of mace, a teaspoonful of salt, and ten peppercorns. Cover closely and cook gently on the stove until tender. Then strain off the liquor and season it. Cut the chicken into joints, garnish with the braised onion and carrots. Thicken the gravy, pour it over, and serve very hot.

A WINTER SALAD

Soak for a night in cold water a teacupful of haricot beans (butter beans are the best). In the morning put them in a saucepan, cover with cold water, and cook slowly until the beans are done, which will be in about two hours. Drain and put in a salad bowl. Dust over with chopped parsley; garnish with beetroot cut into dice, hard-boiled egg cut into slices, endive, and chopped celery; pour a good salad dressing over.

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The Ideal Orchestra

Sir Edward Elgar, in his remarks at the Morecambe Festival last year, reflected the opinions of many of the musical public when he praised the absence of humbug in Dr. Richter and adversely criticised the genus of conductor who, like Von Bulow's pianist, "played easy music with the utmost difficulty."

If twenty-five years ago anyone had foretold that pianoforte *virtuosi* of to-day would play in public entirely without book, he would have been laughed at. One of the reasons why the Bohemian Quartette have become famous is because they play their stock pieces practically by heart. When Adolphe Sax toured through Europe with his family playing on his saxhorns, the extraordinary effect produced was greatly due to their playing without book. In Russia I have heard a large Balalaika orchestra admirably interpret Liszt rhapsodies without a conductor. Wagner, when he put the conductor into a prompter's box at Baireuth, hid such stage machinery which, by the way, is a comparatively recent institution, the *bâton* having been introduced by Spohr, who died scarce forty-five years ago. But once the man who marked the time was put on a pedestal, he riveted the attention of the audience. His wand was studded with diamonds and tipped with gold, he wore white gloves and, when the Army Quadrilles came to an end, he sank back on to a gilded throne. Jullien raised time-marking to its zenith, although, on old Egyptian monumental remains, it was always the Child who was represented as marking the time.

But the "Star" conductor has his uses. Eliminate the animate metronome, whose swayings remind one of a Nautch dancer, the long-haired melomaniac who beats time with his left hand or the ambi-dextrous marionette which wags its stick under alternate arms and seems occasionally to skip over the *bâton*—take away these phenomena, and many a precious criticism would lose its picturesqueness. It is as if a little cox received all the plaudits for pulling an eight-oared boat to victory, for our best orchestral oarsmen of to-day are splendid musical athletes, possessing as much individuality as has the pianist whose personal charm is belauded.

Having referred to the Child Conductor, it is meet to mention the Child Orchestra. There comes a period when it is better for every child to be tied no longer to a mother's apron string, but orchestral players are tied to the conductor by nothing so gentle. They are shackled and given to understand, like the ladies in China, that they have no souls. The "Conductor" no longer "conducts." He "plays" on the orchestra as if it were a lifeless thing. By beating time he miraculously merges his very soul into a purely mechanical machine. At least, so we are told. That British have a better tone than foreign orchestras, because our men contrive to buy costlier instruments, is proof of our players' pride in their profession; a pride which is ignored. Yet, even as in the theatre, the actors and not the prompter make the play felt, so, during an orchestral performance, it is the playing of the living musicians alone which ought to thrill us.

Undue "starring" is bad for the eyesight of the listener, as well as that of the player who has to keep one eye on the music and the other on the conductor. A well-known musician, being reprimanded for disobeying this rule, explained that he had only one eye, and thought the music of more consequence than the conductor. As if to confirm this view, Dr. Richter, during a certain Tschaikovsky movement of intricate rhythm, has repeatedly proved that a good orchestra is heard to advantage when the *bâton* is laid aside.

If notation hinders a pianist on the concert platform, watching a conductor during the execution of difficult passages is a greater interference. There are familiar symphonies of Beethoven which experienced players know nearly by heart. Other works could be gradually memorised by a first-rate band. Many a competent player would drill the players until his aid could be dispensed with. Perpetual time-beating would then be discarded, the principal violinist being looked to for occasional guidance. If the rude bands of instrumentalists in Montenegro and Bohemia can play, *sans* conductor, in a way which stirs up the emotions of the hearer, the London Symphony Orchestra—which includes the *élite* of our instrumentalists — if emancipated from the strain of watching the prompter, should be able to reveal those magnetic qualities which every good orchestra possesses, but, so far, few have the freedom to express.

Those who were present at the last Symphony Concert given by this accomplished band of musicians, must have noticed that Herr Fritz Steinbach several times desisted from beating time for several bars together, even when the orchestra was accompanying the soloist in Beethoven's violin concerto. It is, therefore, obvious that even now they are not entirely dependent on the services of the conductor to lead them to success.

Has the London Symphony Orchestra the courage to "let go the apron strings" and essay the highest development of *ensemble* playing? If not, the highly efficient Conductorless Orchestra of the Future will presently arrive from—the Fatherland. Orchestral advance will begin by more earnest co-operation and dispensing with the conductor's beat. Next, each player will contrive to memorise his part, and produce precisely that emotional power which conducted-machines lack. Quality will be appreciated before quantity. The moderate-sized, self-conducted orchestra will prove more effective than a big crowd of demi-semi-quaverers, and such an orchestra, on its tour round the world, would reap a monetary harvest eclipsing that of any previous orchestral enterprise.

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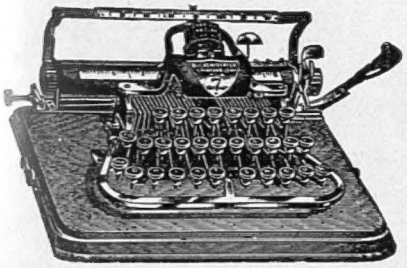

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THE EDITOR'S BOX

The Lyceum Music Hall

The decorations of the new Lyceum Music Hall, which have been carried out by Messrs. Waring, under the direction of the eminent theatre architect, Mr. Bertie Crewe, have been designed to suit the popular taste for which the establishment will cater. A style has, therefore, been employed which is considerably more ornate than that usually associated with the name of this eminent firm. This is the Louis Quinze, which has provided opportunities for the free use of the characteristic ornament of the style; but the treatment has been held in control and prevented from becoming grandiose by the extremely judicious and refined colour scheme, which is white and gold, relieved with paintings in the ceiling. The proscenium arch is of pink marble, and a fine contrasting note is struck in the fine plush curtain, and the velvet seat coverings, both of a rich crimson. A very interesting and special feature of the decoration is in the box, the dress circle, and other fronts, where the electric lights are held by Cupids, which form part of the ornament. Messrs. Waring's contract embraced the fibrous plaster work, the decoration, the seating, the carpets, and the draperies. The general effect is very rich and beautiful, and is proving highly attractive.

Our Supplement

In striking contrast with the fair Northern type of beauty displayed in our last week's Supplement, "A Study in Scarlet," by A. K. Macdonald, is the languorous Southern type of our present Supplement, in Mr. Reginald Pannett's best style. "My Lady Nicotine," in her reclining attitude, suggestive of the enervating influence of the Sunny South, is drawn as true to the nature of her environment as was Mr. Macdonald's brisk little walker in the snows of the invigorating North. The colouring in both pictures is true to the subjects depicted, that of the North being simple and direct, while the Southern picture is surrounded by a wealth of varied hues in harmonious combination. Those who have not seen last week's Supplement should hasten to obtain a copy. Of this week's we shall say no more, as our readers may judge of its artistic merits for themselves. As with previous Supplements "My Lady Nicotine" may be obtained tastefully framed at the low price of half-a-crown. Applications should be made to the Publisher, "BYSTANDER," Tallis Street, E.C.

"Urbanora" at the Alhambra

The first of the series of daily *matinées* which is to be given at the Alhambra, under the title of "Urbanora," took place last Monday afternoon, the 9th instant, at three o'clock. Divided into two sections of new and unique bioscope pictures, the programme opens with a series entitled, "Wild Beasts, Birds, and Reptiles in Captivity." The second bioscope series is entitled, "A Trip to New York" and will be found to be an interesting record of a voyage out and home on the *Kaiser Wilhelm II.*, including incidents of life on a liner, stirring scenes in a gale of wind, some extraordinary sunset and night effects, and "First Impressions of New York City." For these *matinées*, prices have been fixed from 6*d.* to 4*s.*, and children are admitted at half-price on those rates.

The Coliseum

Miss Madge Lessing, the former Aurora in *Sergeant Brue*, has made a genuine success at the Coliseum, her songs, "Good-bye, Little Girl, Good-bye," and "The Witches," being encored at every performance.

MR. AITCHISON'S

"Hints on Eyesight."

Hint No. 22:

"HYPERMETROPIA, OR WEAK SIGHT,"

Is due to the formation of the eye from front to back being too short, and rays of light are not focussed properly on the retina until a glass of the necessary power is placed in front of the eye. The symptoms are inability to see objects clearly, near or far, when the defect is severe, and only with great strain to the eyes when it is slight; it may exist at any age, and is one of the most frequent causes of headache, eye-strain, so-called neuralgia, etc.

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